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FRANK E. MacDONALD

I wish I might get to know him better—this man who has made himself so much a vital part of our school since the very day he came in September, 1931. Perhaps if I cultivate his qualities I shall be a bit nearer his level. Maybe that is the only way to know him. I've gathered so little about his past—only this—that he was born in East Windham, Maine—that he is a Bowdoin graduate, played football there, that he has taught in Maine, western Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, that he finally came to us from Quincy High School. He is president of the Schoolmasters' Club, too, but how little all this really matters.

I shall never forget the first time he made an impression upon me. It was at an assembly. He was called upon to say something about athletics. I liked the way he stood, tall, square-shouldered, with his hands behind his back, and looking straight at us. I always remember voices. His was well modulated, calm, reassuring. He said something about having heard of a splendid team we had (basketball I think) and then told us he was looking forward to seeing us maintain our record. Although I wasn't on the team, I felt like a million dollars when he got through!

I have him in class, too. He's the head of our mathematics department. He's thorough. It seems as if everyone must understand when he finishes explaining. We work, but you ought to hear the side lines on his amusing ventures in the culinary field!

Did you ever get a chance to see him wrestle? It's worth most any price. He trained an undefeated wrestling team last year and somehow he trained more than muscle co-ordination; he trained character. You're at your best when you're with him; you just can't be small.

But he can make you feel small though. Once I was supposed to correct a paper. I knew it couldn't be very valuable; there was almost nothing on it. So I marked it nothing at all. The next day he showed me the paper, said he'd figured it out. I believe the percentage was eight. Better than nothing—anyway.

Funny, I can never tell what he thinks of me. When he smiles, I wish I knew whether it's at me or with me. And it's positively impossible to anticipate what he's going to say or what he's going to ask me to do. He's always circuitous, and begins with generalities. Before he's half-way through I change my mind a dozen times. But it doesn't matter much, he's so persistent.

And fair. I know the students like him. We feel we can talk to him whether we're happy or whether we're sad. And, if it ever came to that, I wouldn't mind being tried by him!

ON THE OPEN SEA

One Saturday morning last April I visited a friend of ours, a captain, and we had a long chat over different things. He certainly did know what he was talking about. He told me of his first experience on a sailing ship. On a Monday morning in June, at 7.30 (I couldn't sleep the night before), I applied for a job. Since there were about twelve experienced sailors ahead of me, the prospects looked discouraging, but I had a note from the captain. So I was accepted as an ordinary seaman on board a sugar boat at $30 a month, sailing to different ports of Cuba and back to Boston. My watch was six hours on and six hours off. We made in all three trips during the summer, each one covering a period of about twenty-one days.

As soon as I was picked I was set to work cleaning up the deck, for the ship had been tied up since April. Late Monday evening we went into dry dock, and until Wednesday we chipped, washed, and scraped paint.

Late Wednesday we sailed for Cuba. Wasn't I scared, not of the water, but of the mate. He seemed to be bawling me out all the time, but as I look back I can't blame him much. The sailors told me he was about the finest mate I would ever meet up with. I spent four hours one day cleaning up oil about the deck. The mate came along and told me he could have done it in ten minutes. I was never so disheartened in my life.

Most of the time I cleaned brass, chipped rust, and took the wheel from 12 to 6. I stood lookout often, and although I felt drowsy at times, I managed not to fall asleep.

I had to chip water tanks on the inside and what a job it was. Every time I would get a kink in my leg and an electric shock from the lamp. One Saturday morning at the wheel I saw about six porpoises, no more than six feet from the boat. Sundays found me reading and washing clothes.

It was now beginning to get warm and I could see flying fish from nine to twelve inches long. They would get up speed along the surface and then fly into the wind thirty feet or more. The water was now very blue with patches of sea-weed here and there, and nothing in sight except the sun and the sky.

Perhaps you would like to know what we did while off duty. I'll start from the captain down. He spent most of his time making models of ships. The mates and sailors read magazines, made cord belts, boats, painted on canvas, and carved. It was amazing how clean the sailors kept themselves and their rooms.

One thing that surprised me greatly was that the ship in ballast would go to Cuba in

seven days and return in six. Many people believe that flags are carried at sea, but it's not so, only in emergencies.

Now I shall tell you something about the sailors and the ship. My best friend in the forecastle was a Lithuanian named Berg. He had gone to sea at sixteen expecting to be home in seventeen days. He jumped the ship in Amsterdam, because of poor treatment, and boarded a ship bound for Philadelphia. When he arrived he had a dollar and couldn't speak a word of English. He hasn't been home since and is now thirty-two years old. There was a Dane also, but I didn't like him and he didn't like me. He called me everything under the sun. I didn't see anything in him myself; he was nothing but a wheelsman and it was nothing to be that. While on watch, he would steal my cocoa and various other things. He was always trying to get cigarettes from the other fellows; finally they caught on to him.

This Is a Typical Street Scene in Cuba

The sixth day out we passed San Salvador and then the next day I saw lofty mountains, great green sugar fields, and forests. Up a deep narrow canyon we sailed into Cuba. That night we went up to a small town named Banes. I sat down to write a few letters in a cafe, while all the little bootblacks crowded around to get me stamps and to post my letters. Just then a policeman came in, and hit a few of them with his broad sword. After that they didn't bother us, but once we were out on the street they were always in our way, asking for cigarettes and nickles. One little girl even asked for a peso. We had to laugh and finally gave her a nickle, too. About two the next morning we turned in.

At 5.30 we turned out in order to start work at six. We painted the side of the boat, but found it necessary to keep lowering the boards, on which we sat, into the water to cool them off.

The natives who worked as longshoremen were the most perfectly built fellows I ever saw. They lifted each 350 pound bags of sugar on their backs, walked across the hold, and laid them down as if they had been carrying 100 pounds. They worked from six to eleven with two hours off at noon and then till four. The young boys, who were also very strong, carried water all day.

In port I was now able to speak a few words of Spanish, I traded a pipe for a pair of sandals. I asked if they felt the depression down there and they replied, "Yes."

At night I hated to go to bed because our fan was not working. I would get up in the morning drenched with sweat.

On Sunday most of us went swimming in water 75°. Some kind of a fish bit me and I had a rash on my arm for two days. The port was lovely and the American section of the town was laid out with palm trees, banana trees and wonderful houses. It was a treat to see.

We always sailed with the slack of the tide, and a single error on the pilot's part would put us all on the rocks. I think it must have taken ten years off the captain's life every time we went through the canyon, which was about one and one-half miles long and very shallow at places. As soon as the pilot was dropped we took the flags down. Sometimes they would stick and I would have to go up to them. It was a ticklish job up at the mast head with nothing to hold on to.

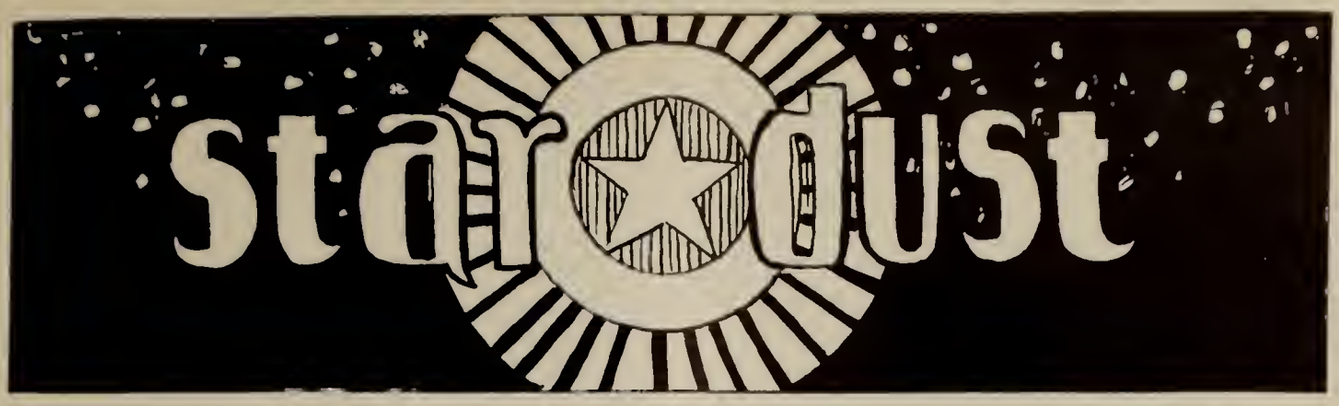
On our last trip home, Slim, the mess boy and I, had some fun with the firemen. They had drenched us with water the day before so we set the alarm clock for 2. They came off watch at 12 so the clock wakened them in two hours. They tried all that trip to get even with us.

One morning while in the mess room I drank out of another sailor's cup, the Dane's. He made a pass at me. I ducked and grabbed his arms, but what a blow he hit me on the nose with his head! My eyes watered all that day. Later in the trip I was late calling watch. I got it right on the top of the chin and was out for a few minutes. After we passed Cape Hatteras, the water was a greenish color and it was very cold at night; in fact, it was so cold when we passed Nantucket that with two sweaters and a coat I was still uncomfortable. We dropped anchor Sunday and lay on the flats all night. The next morning we passed immigration and docked at five o'clock.

While coming into the dock I was working the winch. It was only the second time I had ever had my hand on one. The mate was motioning to heave away, the sailor was spluttering because I nearly caught his arm in the drum, and the captain was giving orders. I didn't know what to do so I just let them get another sailor.

Finally we docked from our last trip and I was sorry to leave the ship.

From experience, however, I learned one thing: to keep my eyes open and my mouth closed. ROBERT CUMMINGS, 10-4.



"OLD MAN RIVER"

Johnny sat back in his chair, puffing on his soothing "briar" as the radio played "Old Man River" by his side. The world discontented him. Business—! Worry—! Fatigue—! Longing for a change—! He sat dreaming of rivers. Marco Polo travelling down Oriental streams to an undiscovered East, torrents in central Europe down which the ravaging Tartars rushed to the plains, gold seekers and explorers in the new world, Australian creeks in fantastic regions, Himalaya's eternal flows, Norway's mighty fiords, tropical South America's unexplored river basins and mountain rivers.

* * * *

An early morning departure for regions unknown. Buenos Aires. Up the Parana. Fever, death, rapids. Jaguars, cannibal fish, poisonous snakes. Five men in a boat.

Brazil. The headwaters of the Amazon. Three white men and an Indian guide.

The Peruvian border. Fertile Andes mountain sides. Unknown hills and forests. The roof of the world shifting from the Pamir to Peru. Four dots on snow capped crests. The making of new boats. Travelling down treacherous rapids and sucking currents. Mapping, noting, exploring. A smash on the rocks. Lost instruments. Speed increasing. Turning a bend. A disappearing river. Into a pitch black tunnel. Through a long passage. The river opening into a valley. A majestic city of white marble revealing itself.

* * * *

It was a curious valley having an ancient loop and reminding one of an abandoned dwelling place, as indeed it was. The expedition, of which Johnny was a part, was increasingly curious as it saw an enormous stone pipe stretching from the river into a reservoir below. From the reservoir, a series of terraces extended up a long hill, past the pool, over the valley and up to the city.

The explorers were climbing up these terraces when a flash of light temporarily blinded them. Bewildered, they gazed upwards to where a huge shield, golden yellow in the sun, hung in the city square. They recognized the lost "City of the Warriors," by this shield to the sun, so often mentioned in Peruvian legends.

Stumbling up well-terraced slopes, the excited party reached a paved street leading to the square. The golden emblem of the emperor scintillated before a pyramid temple, evidently dedicated to the sun. Its whole exterior was decorated with gold ornaments, and gold was everywhere profuse in the buildings.

Johnny's little party explored every nook and passage. It would take a book to reveal all the interesting objects they observed. Pipes, evidently for supplying water and disposing of sewage, lay in the ditches beside the streets. Roadways, having no side walks, intersected at angles to shame most modern cities. The buildings themselves were slightly modern because of their occasional second stories and their style of architecture.

An exceedingly valuable discovery had been made if this hardy band of men would be able to find its way out to report it. They seated themselves on a stone wall and made plans for exploring the city, as excitedly as a crowd of children, taking souvenirs as evidences, and for receiving the glory on reporting the find. Perhaps they were too greedy.

* * * *

Things happen quickly in strange places. Johnny had no knowledge of anything out of the ordinary happening until something snapped over his head, and he felt himself dragged off the wall.

Strange, triumphant yells rang out around him. A great fear seized his heart. What could be happening? The next instant he was trussed and bound, and the blindfold was whipped from his eyes.

He beheld, crowding around the bound party, as desperate a band of Indians as he had ever imagined to exist. Were these Incas? Where had they come from? Had they been isolated here for untold ages? What did they plan to do to the intruders?

Johnny did not have much chance for reflection as he was hurried before the leader of the people. Strangely enough, the latter, as in fact all of the people, had the appearance of the degraded town Indian rather than that of the noble Incas whom he had half expected to see.

The leader poured a stream of words in a Spanish sounding tongue into their startled ears. That it was Spanish was evident when the Indian guide replied in the same manner.

Were they to be able to converse with these people and learn the strange secret of their isolation? Were these people some band of Incas separated by the mountains from the rest of the world in bygone days? As they spoke Spanish they might even be the descendants of Indians who had fled from Spanish oppression into the wild mountain regions. And if so, had they developed into a new and strange race as often happens under like conditions?

In any event, what would their fate be amongst these savages who plainly showed their dislike for them?

The guide began to speak, unravelling the following amazing story.

(Continued in the June Issue.)

JOSEPH COSTELLO, 11-1.

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILE

The frenzied mob charged down the street
With furious cries and tramping feet,
Brandishing firearms and flashing knives,
Hate in their hearts-avenging lives.
The grim old prison was reached at last.
The object of hatred for long years past.
A shout, "The prisoners, set them free!"
'Twas easy—a dead guard—a purloined key.
But the mob, full of hatred, their work just begun,
Stopped at nothing—they plundered, they tortured, they hung!
Long years had they waited, souls seething with hate,
Aristocrats, rulers, at last met their fate!

Margaret Duncan, 11-6.

A LITTLE OF LIFE

You know, life is a funny thing. You lay your plans for the day without thinking that something may happen to prevent their being carried out and suddenly you find yourself confronted with disappointment.

I guess most of us wonder why we are not allowed to carry out all our plans to a successful conclusion, but if we ever stopped to think what would become of us if we always had things as we wished them, we might see just why even the best laid plans sometimes go astray. This is simply fate's way of letting us know that we cannot lay plans without taking her into consideration first.

I wonder if you ever stopped to think what life would be like without disappointments and sorrows? We should become unutterably bored with anything pertaining to life and would realize, perhaps for the first time, the reason for these seeming catastrophies. Is it not to make us understand and better appreciate the joys of life?

As life is at present we are all adventurers and explorers, seeking experience, searching for happiness; and many times the very things we are seeking are the things that hurt us the most and cost us the most dearly when we find them. Nevertheless, each experience, whether harmful or beneficial, teaches us a great lesson in the school of life. We may not realize it at the time, but it is these details that make up our whole existence on earth.

A man without experience may be compared to a man without arms. He is caught in the whirl of destiny unprepared for whatever life may see fit to deliver to him. At every turn he is held back by his handicap, the lack of adequate preparation, for this fascinating but bewildering game that is called life.

Did you ever turn the pages of a calendar ahead and wonder what the future held for you? It is a decidedly interesting and intriguing thought, but it is not to be built upon definitely for the capricious gods usually decide differently. And after all, who can tell what the morrow will bring?

MURIEL TOWLE, 11-6.

SNOW-FALL

Last night I heard a faint whispering
  Outside my window-pane,
"A soft, new sound," I thought, listening.
  "It must be a gentle rain."
And I slept again, yet in slumber
  That soft patter I still could hear
Like a broken twig in the ivy,
  Or a dead leaf fluttering near.
In the light of the early morning
  I arose, and drew aside
The curtain, and there before me
  O'er the landscape far and wide—
O'er the trees and shrubs and house-tops,
  O'er the church tower's misty height,
O'er all within range of my vision
  Lay a garment of purest white.
And the air was filled with feathers,
  Mounding the hedge-tops high,
From the wings of the downy snow-birds
  That flew along the sky.

Mabel Macdonald, 11-5.

RED AND MORE RED

Billy and I sat on the pasture fence and chewed grass. There was nothing to do but chew grass. The August sun shone down, strong and bright; the ocean beyond the pasture was an unbelievable blue, and the gulls were startingly white against it as they wheeled and flashed in the sunlight. They were having a good enough time, but we weren't. For that whole long day we were forbidden to go any further than the school house simply because we wanted to see, the night before, what Lars Johanneson was doing in Windy Point Cove. We had heard that he was engaged in a strictly illegal occupation carried on around the seashore, and we were greatly intrigued. What Lars was doing was none of our business, it seemed, and after being rescued from his enraged clutches by the English gentleman at Windy Point House, we had been returned

home unceremoniously, and the strict boundaries had been imposed to teach us to keep our inquisitive young noses out of other people's business.

Billy put his father's field-glasses to his eyes and observed that Lars and Philip were having a fight in the side yard. He managed to convey to me a blow-by-blow description till the gladiators disappeared, and once more we sank into silence, chewing our grass thoughtfully. A summer afternoon can be very quiet at times and the only sounds we heard were the raucous laughter of the gulls, the muffled roar of distant surf, and that vague, indeterminate buzzing which seems to be always heard on a hot afternoon.

Presently Matilda Jane wandered into our view. Matilda is our sister under the skin because she eats all the time, the way we do. She is known to her intimates as Tilda and she lives a happy life of bovine content always minding her own business.

"Tilda," said Billy gravely, "is a fine example of getting into a rut and staying there." I looked at him silently—I am used to his mental meanderings. "What she needs," he added, "is individuality."

"You mean," I asked lazily, "that she should learn Russian and wear what hair she has in bangs?" I was not at all surprised by his statement; his talk was always mildly insane.

"Tilda," stated Billy, "would look beautiful in red flannels." This time I was surprised, and disturbed. I stared at him with my mouth open.

"Don't you recollect that cow in Crawford?" asked Bill. I saw the light. "Oh, yes—but you wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't I, though?" replied Bill. "Here Tilda, here, I've got something for you!"

Tilda, all unsuspecting, ambled over, a wide smile on her gentle face. She looked trustfully at Billy with those limpid brown eyes in a way that might have melted an older heart, but Billy was young and hard.

"Hello, old lady," said Bill. "Here's some hay." She chewed it slowly, keeping her wide and child like gaze on Billy all the while.

"You go over yonder," Billy commanded me, "and get Joe's red flannels off the line." I opened my mouth to protest, but Billy said: "Go ahead, he shouldn't wear 'em in summer." I saw the humor in the situation and grinned as I started off to where Joe's red flannels streamed forth upon the breeze.

Billy knelt down in back of Tilda and prepared to make her individual. The subject (or should I say victim?), contendedly munched hay from my hand until she felt Billy's hand on her leg. Then she immediately became kittenish and sidestepped, her tail catching Billy in the face. He grinned and ducked, and the next recollection I have of the affair was seeing Billy landing some four feet off with a surprised expression on his face, and a frantic Matilda tearing across the field as though a pack of wolves were at her heels.

Unhappy day! I still remember the humor of that moment. Portugee Joe's flannels were practically strewn across the pasture in a hundred pieces, and even in the excitement of Tilda's rebellion, I thought of Mamie Joe. What would she say? I shuddered to think of her wrath. Billy was up on his feet, a stout stick in his hand, ready for the chase. We were off, fast and furious. Tilda, far down the road, raised a cloud of dust like a troop of cavalry and then took the path past the fish houses to the harbor.

"Oh, my golly!" yelled Billy. "She'll wreck the harbor!"

The first person Tilda met on her rampage was Snooky le Blanc. Snooky came out from behind his father's boat, a can in his hand, full of rich, red, paint. Billy shouted a warning and Snooky stared at the oncoming beast with wide open eyes and mouth. He had no chance to get out of the way and Tilda swept him off his feet. When the dust cleared, Snooky presented a rather gory appearance, for that rich, red, paint covered his clothes and his face. He shook his fists after us and cursed with Gallic fluency.

"Here, Tilda!" called Billy.

"Here, Tilda!" called I. But our entreaties fell on deaf ears. Tilda swerved to the left, and would pick out a bed of nasturtiums to wreck. She thought she was a bull, I guess, and she put her head up and gave vent to her emotions with a sort of over-grown moo. We tried stalking her, but we were surrounded by a shower of uprooted nasturtiums.

Tilda now chose a different refuge. She went straight for the Johanneson clothes lines, where the week's wash was hung out to dry, Snowy sheets flapped tantalizingly in the breeze and Tilda evidently thought they were waving at her. Anyway, she charged. A day of misfortunes! My heart stood still. I looked at Billy and Billy looked at me. Presently Tilda appeared from under the clothesline. Despite my fright I doubled up in helpless laughter. If you have ever seen a cow with sheets festooning her horns, you know why. Tilda stared at our mirth with wild eyes, her long face peering out from her veil after the manner of a bride, though a cow-like one to be sure.

She whirled around and raced down the little path that led from Johanneson's to the "main road" which was hardly more than six feet wide. On the other side of the road was Johanneson's fish shack where fishermen meet to tar nets, paint buoys, talk over the affairs of the nation, and decide how to end the depression. There was a group there now, and the smell of boiling tar mingled rather pleasantly with the smoke of their ripe old pies, as they

talked and tarred away. Between two barrels a freshly tarred net was suspended to dry. Of course, Tilda must head for this. The collision would be inevitable, and shivers ran up and down my spine. I dare say Billy felt uncomfortable, too. The fishermen, serenely unconscious of approaching disaster, smoked and talked quietly. Suddenly a new actor walked into the scene—Lars Johanneson, magnificent in white flannels, a yachting cap set at a jaunty angle on his red hair, sauntered down the road. I felt a certain malicious joy as I thought of those flannels.

How Lars missed seeing Tilda I never could figure out, but he did, and the results were satisfying—to Billy and me. Tilda rushed headlong at the nets, the tar, and the men. Through their midst she went, scattering them left and right. She would have walked right into the net, had she not seen Lars who stood still, regarding her with pained surprise. Whatever made her do it I don't know, but anyway she suddenly lowered her head and charged at Lars, who dodged—and a very neat dodge it would have been if he hadn't stepped on a stone and fallen backwards into the spilled tar.

Tilda stopped and looked at him with mild astonishment. No doubt she had never charged a man before. Once more she was the gentle and amiable creature of old.

Through the last incident we had been like figures of stone. Now mutterings arose from upset fishermen, whose language at its highest was not exactly fit for drawing rooms. Their expressions were, to say the least, very salty. Lars, however, said nothing He was craning his neck to see the back of the once spotless flannels. I giggled uncontrollably, and he favored me with a Charles Bickfordian stare.

By this time, the whole village was out and surrounded us. Questions piled in from every side. To each we answered in chorus: "We haven't the slightest idea."

Lars started homeward, and I felt my heart sink when I thought of his rage. He would nurse it and pet it and some day it would burst out. His was the cold anger of the Vikings and I saw it light up his frosty eyes when he looked at us.

Some of the villagers glanced at us suspiciously and the English gentleman arrived just in time to escort us home as he had done so many times before. He sighed faintly and said: "Well, I must say, you've jolly well finished yourselves this afternoon. Thank heavens, you're going home day after tomorrow."

Tilda trudged along docilely enough between us. The gulls were noisier than ever, but they were laughing at us now. Still, the affair had its compensations. When I thought of Tilda swathed in sheets, and Lar's white flannels, I laughed outright.

"I suppose," said the English gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye, "that you still have not the slightest idea of how it happened."

"I've figured it all out," said Billy, with not a trace of a smile. "I think Tilda just wanted to be different."

ELIZABETH OGILVIE, 11-2.

ESCAPE

(With Apologies to Dickens)

The French revolution! Bloody, ruthless; the air full of foreboding and hatred. Peasants with empty stomachs lustily drinking the blood of selfish, foolhardy aristocrats. Aristocrats, refusing to accept the fact that if fire smouldered long enough, it would eventually break into flame.

Count Raoul Henri de Costé, dare-devil son of a rollicking, nonchalant father, and a "to-the-devil-with-consequences" mother had always dined, danced, hunted, and enjoyed himself immensely. In fact he had never done a worth-while thing unless it was to pay pretty compliments to a very portly dowager.

On the afternoon before the smouldering rubbish heap burst into flame, he called his valet to him.

"Gaspard, I shall attend the party in honor of Esther Dulac's twentieth birthday tonight. I shall want my blue velvet court dress ready soon after dusk."

With Gaspard's assistance, he proceeded to dress for the hunt.

Later that night he went galloping through the dimly-lit streets of Paris in his carriage. Crowds of peasants, menials, and servants of the lowest class were hovering around in fairly large groups, but Raoul was too occupied inspecting his fingernails to notice this rather strange scene. The sky was overcast and leaden. The wind was blowing in short and slowly lengthening gusts, and the dead leaves rattled like lonesome skeletons suspended in mid-air.

Three hours later he was sipping Burgundy on a balcony in the palatial home of Esther Dulac. He was whispering impassioned love words to her, his fiancée, when she suddenly murmured, "I wish you would stop just a moment, Raoul, and tell me what that red light is over there in the sky."

He glanced up casually, and then fixedly.

"Now, I wonder what this is. Mon Dieu," excitedly, "I saw mobs of peasants on the way over. Now, what the devil do you suppose they're up to? Oh, well, shall we go in and dance, Esther?"

"No Raoul, I have a better idea! Let's go riding! You can take my brother's habit, and I'll change right away. They'll never miss us, they're too drunk. Hurry! I'll meet you at the stable in ten minutes. I'll order Charles to get the mounts ready at once."

Her suggestion met with great approval, and fifteen minutes later they were cantering rapidly down the main avenue toward the red glare. They galloped through a huge crowd of peasants, armed with axes, cleavers, knives and home-made firearms of all sorts, to the entrance of the famous prison, the Bastille, where milling crowds were setting free the few political prisoners the prison contained.

Raoul and Esther, very unimportant-looking in their dark habits, were immediately pulled down and dragged by the infuriated mob and handed to a group of officials, who had them taken to one of the cells, which was sparsely furnished, and spattered with blood. An unfortunate guard was sprawled on the floor with his skull shattered. The peasant jailor, his mouth snarling and his red eyes shooting looks of hatred at Esther and Raoul, dragged the body out, cursing madly.

Esther laughed hysterically, "Raoul, tell me, is it real, or am I dreaming some horrible nightmare?"

Raoul, pacing up and down the cell, and avoiding blood-stains, laughed nervously.

"I don't know. Isn't it ghastly! Mon Dieu! Will we be killed, or will we stay here forever?" Going over to her he remarked, "I'm going to get out of here! Parbleu! There isn't a decent place to lie down!"

He began to shout and beat on the door of the cell. A guard, covered with gore, came to the door, and pushing the butt of a gun through the bars, struck him in the face. He stumbled back, tripped over Esther's knees, and fell, stunned. Esther slipped down to his side and after wiping the blood from his cheek, slipped into unconsciousness. The guard laughed raucously and went down the hall.

A week later, Esther and Raoul, despondently looking out on the infuriated mob below, watching the eighth cartload of people go to cool the thirst of Madamoiselle la Guillotine, conversed in despairing tones. Esther broke out frantically. "Raoul, why don't they take us out there also, and end this suspense? I can't stand this waiting! I think I'm going insane! All the others are gone. Our fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters. Mon Dieu, why can't we die?"

Raoul turned, and taking her in his arms murmured. "Ah, Esther, don't talk that way. Whatever happens, we'll always know that we loved each other. And, Esther, can you really blame them? Oh, I know I'm talking foolishly for one who has starved and mistreated them, but think; for years they have been starved to death, worked to death, even put to death for minor offenses. Can you blame them? No, we can only blame ourselves. We've got just what was coming to us. You know, I don't think they recognize us. If they did, we would have gone long ago.

She listened in silence, and then nodded, her beautiful eyes streaming with tears.

"Yes, I think you're right. Oh, I can look back now and remember things! Why, my father actually beat a stable-boy to death one day!" There was a pause, and then she cried out, "Oh, can't we get to England some way? Can't you think of some way to do it?"

"I've been thinking of a plan," he said. "It sounds rather wild but there's a chance it will work. At least it's worth a try."

Later as a guard was leaving the cell, Raoul brought the handle of the riding crop swiftly down on the man's skull, crushing it.

He swiftly changed into the man's clothes, and dressed the man in his riding habit, after tying and gagging him securely.

He then locked Esther in, so that no one could enter the cell and harm her, and proceeded nonchalantly down the squalid, bloody corridor, his weeks' growth of beard and unwashed face effectively disguising him. The stench of the corridors and cells nearly suffocated him. On the way out of the building he met a fierce-looking woman, armed with a revolver and three knives.

"Good-day, Citizen."

"Good-day, Citizeness."

Quick suspicion entered her eyes.

"Citizen, where did you get that ring you're wearing?"

His heart sank, but he said carelessly, "Oh, from one of the prisoners. I told him if he would give it to me, I would free him. The fool! I shall rejoice to see his filthy blood streaming down the sides of the guillotine!"

"Bon. Good-day, Citizen!"

"Good-day, Citizeness!"

After walking a few paces, Raoul leaned against a spattered wall and wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Mon Dieu! I shall not have to go through that again, I hope!"

He walked away from the clanging, gluttonous guillotine, toward the outskirts of the city, after taking off the priceless ring that had been in his family for years.

When he came to a group of poverty-stricken hovels, he entered the last one, and came upon a dirty, thin child of six or seven.

"What are you doing here?"

"Your father sent me for you. He told me to tell you that he would see you in front of the bastille. Hurry, and here's a franc I found," digging into his pocket.

The child greedily snatched the coin and ran down the street, before Raoul had entered the house. There were two rooms, a bedroom and a combination kitchen and living room. The floor was dirt. In the bedroom he found a ragged dress and bonnet, which was too large, but would have to do.

He then went back to the prison, meeting none but a few drowsy guards.

He opened the cell door, and handed the clothes to Esther, who changed quickly, while he waited outside the door. She came out, her hair mussed, her face streaked with dirt from the floor.

Together they hurried down the corridors, and out into the bloody, autumn air, where they were greeted left and right by the now universal greeting of "Good-day, Citizen," and "Good-day, Citizeness."

Two weeks later they were on a leaky fishing boat, crossing the channel to Dover. They had made their way to the coast after many hard days spent in securing rides and lodging from the still revolting peasants. They stood at the stern of the boat and watched the bloody shores of France recede in the distance, thanking the merciful God who rules our destinies, that they had been so mercifully spared.

EDITH LLOYD, 11-6.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

I

The back door bell of Mrs. Adams' big white house rang timedly. Mrs. Adams herself, clad in a severe, rather old fashioned gown, answered the ring, while the hired girl hovered in the back-ground. (Oakleaves, Maine, still had "hired girls," not maids.)

The early April sunshine was peeking in through the crack, and when Mrs. Adams opened the heavy door, the sunlight came boldly in, revealing a shabby little figure who, however, came no farther than the threshold.

"Good morning, ma'am," said he, fumbling a shabby little cap in his wide, knotty fingers. "I was a-thinkin' that maybe as it's spring cleanin' time you'd have some work to be done, as I thought that since I've been kinda' in the habit of doin' your chores, you'd be wanting me—." His voice trailed off expectantly.

Mrs. Adams was annoyed. She didn't like men whose trousers had that peculiar habit of sagging in the back, and threatening to turn under their heels.

"No," she said crisply, "There's no work for you to do. Now get along with you."

The little old man's overalls seemed to sag a little more at her words.

"Now don't think hard on me, ma'am," begged the owner of the saggy overalls. "I'm sorry to have bothered you, but I was just a-thinkin'." There was a slight pause during which a robin hopped across the lawn and industriously pulled forth a fat worm. "Well, good-day, ma'am."

The pitifully disappointed look on the old man's face was enough to soften the hardest heart and Mrs. Adams did not have the hardest.

"On second thought," said Mrs. Adams briskly, "Aggie will perhaps find something to do. Come in."

Mrs. Adams returned to the living room after instructing Aggie as to what duties and what pay should be given to the old man. Seated in a wide chair with one leg up under her, was Bette, Mrs Adams' niece.

"Who was that adorably shabby little old fellow?" she asked her aunt.

"That old man? Oh, he's been around here since the town was built, I guess. His wife died soon after the birth of their only son. The boy was a comely chap, and bid fair to turn out well, but when he was eighteen—that was about six years ago—he got a job in a bank, and soon after some money disappeared, and he was accused. They couldn't prove anything, but the boy left town because of the disgrace. His father's been getting poorer and poorer, but he still thinks that his son is a good boy, even though he never hears from him." Mrs. Adams stood up suddenly. "But that's enough talking; there's much to be done." And she swept out.

"Poor old thing," said Bette, softly. "Poor thing."

It took Bette just two weeks to become fast friends with the old man. She learned that his name was Rogers, and that his beloved son's was Jerry.

"He had dark hair," said Mr. Rogers one warm day, sitting down beside Bette on the front step of his little house, first pulling up his trousers, and then letting the fullness thereof settle down in back of him. "Dark hair, not golden like yours. And brown eyes, like his mother's, and a tiny bit slanty, not blue and straight, like yours. And he was a good boy, Miss Bette, and don't you let no one tell you different. He never took no money."

Bette was exceedingly sympathetic. She sat with her white elbows on her knees, heedlessly crumpling her white muslin dress, gazing with her wide blue eyes over the pasture. "And you never heard from him?" she asked.

"Never. But he's alive, Miss, and don't you—. What's the matter, Miss?"

Bette's wide troubled eyes turned to him. "See that man going down the road now?" she asked. "Who is he?"

"Him? Oh, that's James Clarke. He was junior pardner of the bank where my boy worked. Why? Know him?"

"Oh no, no. I just thought I did. Come, let's go inside and have lunch."

Mr. Rogers followed Bette's sunshine figure into the meticulously clean house, where he watched her prepare lunch from a basket which she had brought with her.

"Now I could have got some vittles together," said the old man protestingly from a chair in a corner where he sat much like a troublesome small boy put out of the way.

"I know, I know," said Bette, her heart catching at his defiant pretense that he was

well off, "But you didn't know I was coming, so I thought it safer to bring my own lunch. Besides, then I can have what I like best." She smiled and went over to him to give him a handful of raisins, a small boy's treat.

"Everything is ready," she said presently, moving a bowl of flowers so that the sun would strike them. Suddenly she saw that the sunlight was darkened, and looking up, spied a tall figure in the doorway. Mr. Rogers saw it too. "My boy. My boy," he cried. "Oh, you've come back. I knew you'd come back." He slid out of his chair and went over to put his arms around his tall son.

Over his father's head, the boy looked at Bette. Suddenly she seemed to hear the thunder of wave in her ears, to feel a choking suffocation, to hear a masculine voice say, "I guess she's all right now," and to look up and see that same face.

She turned, however, and leaving the father and son, went out into the sunshine.

II

James Clarke's house was comparatively modern, and seldom used. At present its owner was seated in a comfortable red leather chair gazing with a smile on his thin lips at a photograph of a girl with wide eyes and blond hair. The ring of his door bell interrupted his thought. A few minutes later Clarke's monsieur ushered in a young lady, and disereetly withdrew. ...

Clarke's eyes shot from the girl's face to the photograph and back. "Why, my dear," he said with a smile, "How remarkable to find you here. It's a small world—. Do be seated."

Bette sat down on the edge of a chair opposite him. "Jim." she said earnestly, "I want you to do me a favor. You stole that money from the bank, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Clarke, looking amused. "But I paid it back and everything's patched up quietly."

"But that's not enough." Bette's hand clenched and unclenched on the chair-arm. "I want you to clear the name of the boy who was thought to have stolen the money."

"But why, my dear?"

"Because I know the father of that boy, and I want them to be happy together the last few years of the old man's life."

Clarke crossed the room and half sat on the edge of the table. "I will on one condition," he said smiling. "And that condition is—that you marry me."

The phrase rang in Bette's ears; then it mingled with the horrid sound of thunderous waves, and a boy's voice saying, "If I ever do go back, I won't stay. And dad won't leave the place because Mom died there." And then again the words, "marry me," and the waves—.

"Only on that condition?" Bette's voice broke the momentary silence.

"Only on that condition." And James Clarke always meant what he said.

"Well," said Bette, getting up and trying to make her voice sound light, "You're neither brutal nor a drunkard, and anyhow I haven't made such a success of things in my part of the world. Let's call it a bargain."

III

It was evening. The cool grass swept Bette's ankles as she walked slowly along the ridge of the hill, surveying the landscape below. She turned, hearing footsteps in the dusk behind her. "Oh Dick—I mean Jerry. Funny I keep calling you by the name I once knew you by."

"Not a bit funny. Only natural," Jerry grinned. "Well, I'm clear. And dad's as happy as a lark. He's running around telling everyone that he knew I was a good boy. Am I, Bette?" He sat down on a rock and gently pulled her down beside him.

"Of course, the best one I know."

Jerry laughed. "I've a dandy job offered to me since my name was cleared. And right around here, too," he said.

The sound of a car on the road below caused them both to look down. "That's James Clarke's car," said Jerry casually.

"Yes," said Bette, quietly.

"You know," said Jerry enthusiastically "when I pulled you out of that shipwreck, and then said good-bye after only a couple of weeks of knowing you, I was somehow sure we'd meet again, and we have."

"Yes," said Bette sadly. "We've met—to part again."

A grinding crash sileneed Jerry's puzzled reply. "Good heavens!" he cried, jumping to his feet, "Clarke's car has smashed into another on the curve. Wait here; I'll go find out what happened."

He ran off down the hill, leaving Bette to wait and wonder in the growing darkness.

It was almost a half hour before he reappeared, and Bette ran down to meet him stumbling in the dark.

"What happened to Clarke?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Clarke—Clarke's dead. But, we hardly know him personally, Bette. It's too bad but—."

Bette's voice was low and hurried, "I know —we hardly know him."

"But Bette, you said just before the accident that we'd met to part again," said Jerry, as the thought suddenly reoccurred to him. "What did you mean?"

Bette smiled up at him through the darkness. "Never mind," she said.

IV

Back in his tiny house, little old Mr. Rogers was trying on a new pair of trousers, which oddly enough, sagged in the back.

HAZEL BORNE, 11-1.

CONTRAST

There are things far off
Things we cannot see, cannot
Touch.
There are things near,
The things we see and cannot
Reach.
There are things that we could have
If we would but stretch our hands and
Take.
There are things that we let slip by
Things that are just beyond our
Grasp.
There are things that are gone forever,
The things we had and did not
Want.

Priscilla Wallace, 10-2.

ED WYNN, THE PERFECT FOOL

On Tuesday night it has become, with most of us, a habit to tune in on that Crown Prince of comedians, "Ed Wynn."

For a half hour we listen to him and laugh at his witticisms, but when he has signed off, his name perhaps, lingers in our minds for a few moments, but we soon go on about whatever we are doing, just as if Ed Wynn did not exist.

What follows is but an humble attempt on my part to picture for you a general outline of his life.

In the first place his name is not "Ed Wynn." It is Edward Leopold. He was born in Philadelphia, on the morning of November 9, 1886.

His early life was, for the most part, happy, as the lives of most children are.

As soon as the lad reached the grammar school age he began to show an interest in the stage, frequently playing truant from school in order to attend the performances of vaudeville in the theatres of his native city.

Upon his graduation from the Central Philadelphia High School, it was his father's plan to send him to the University of Pennsylvania, but the young lad's ideas differed from his father's in this respect, for he ran away from home at the age of fifteen, to enter a vaudeville troupe.

For thirteen years he wandered about the north Atlantic seaboard with this company, drawing twelve dollars a week until the show "hit the reef" in Bangor, Maine, in 1914.

It was in the last year of his association with the vaudeville troupe that he met the girl destined to become his wife. That girl was Hilda Keenan, daughter of Frank Keenan, so well remembered by the vaudeville fans of the late "nineties."

The couple were married on the fifth of September, 1914, and from then on, life for the young comedian was a rhapsody, his young wife always ready to praise or criticise his work.

In 1915, all that was needed to complete the young actor's dream of happiness occurred, the birth of a young son. The boy was named Frank Keenan, in honor of his father-in-law.

Later in the year, Wynn, (he had changed his name for theatrical purposes), joined the cast of "Ziegfeld's Follies of Nineteen Fifteen." This was the first actual contact with the "River of Woe," Broadway, that the actor had so far experienced.

It was at this time that the comedian introduced his famous comic hats that are almost a part of him. This stunt was inspired by a talk with his father who was, and still is, one of national powers of the millinery trade.

In 1916 the comedian made his début at the "Winter Garden," remaining there until he reached that cynosure of all actors, the starring rolé, in 1918.

The World War did not find Wynn shirking. During the two hectic years of Ameriea's baptism of death in the trenches, the comedian is credited with selling over three-million dollars worth of Liberty Bonds, for which service President Wilson sent him a letter of congratulatory thanks, and with it a signed photograph, which has ever since graced his dressing table.

In addition to his selling of Liberty Bonds he gave more benefit performances than any other actor. For this, and various other services, he was presented with a bronze and silver medal by the United States Tank Corps.

In 1919, after the war, he was honored by "The Actor's Scroll" for work in the behalf of his fellow theatricians, during the "Aetors' Strike" of that year.

Among his literary merits is the cup presented to him by the Authors' and Composers' League, upon the writing of the "Laugh Parade."

He also wrote the "Ed Wynn Carnival," "The Perfect Fool," "The Grab Bag," and "Ed Wynn's Crazy Cross-Word Puzzle Book."

Among his numerous gifts to charity and the church was the presentation of the entire proceeds of a performance of "The Perfect Fool," towards the construction of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, in New York City, at which occasion Bishop Manning accepted the relationship between the theatre and the church.

At present he is affiliated with a large oil company, advertising that company's products for the trivial sum of $5,000. a week.

His home, Wynngate, in Great Neck, Long Island, is truly the home of one of our finest citizens. It was, probably, his fighting spirit that once caused one of his fellow actors to say, "Jewish by religion, witty by nature, but successful by effort."

RICHARD RICE, 10-4.

MY EXPERIENCE IN BERMUDA

While visiting in Bermuda with my father we had the rather terrifying experience of seeing a hurricane.

The hurricane is preceded by a stillness; not even the trees move. The air becomes close and heavy; the sun gets red. A man who was a native there and who had witnessed one at night said that the stars appear very large. He also said that the mercury in the barometer falls rapidly, and the barometer usually indicates a rise in the temperature. Darkness then usually extends over the earth with the exception of a few flashes of lightning which light the heavens.

The storm is first seen by those at sea. High waves rise suddenly from the motionless surface of the water. The blowing of the wind is terrific and seems like the thunder in the distance. The rain descends in torrents, shrubs and trees are borne down by the mountain streams; the rivers overflow their banks and flood the surrounding land.

Most of the people are terror stricken by these hurricanes. Birds are driven by the wind far out to sea. The animals usually herd together, trembling with fear.

Following the hurricane, the sun shines upon a scene of utter destruction. Fertile valleys are now dreary wastes. Uprooted trees, branches torn from their trunks, dead animals and the ruins of houses are scattered over the land. Sometimes the destructions are so complete that people are unable to distinguish the boundaries of their estates.

ZITA KEEFE, 10-8.

IN THE PULPIT

It seems that Davey Jones is always on the alert, for I cannot start on a sea trip but I have a narrow escape.

We started out from Scituate on August 2, 1932, in a thirty-six foot sloop, the "Quandry." The craft was rigged with jib, stays and main; she was a double-ender, so we had a tiller instead of a wheel, thus making manoeuvering simple.

Our water tank had a capacity of two hundred gallons, and one of the finest hand pumps I have ever seen was used to get this water into the galley. We had a four cylinder "Red Wing" engine aft, and two gasoline tanks of sixty gallons each, on either side and above the engine.

Our cooking was done on a small wood-burning stove about sixteen by twelve inches on top and about ten inches high. Our sink was, of course, small also, about twenty by ten inches, and eight inches deep. Below the sink was a spacious refrigerator which held enough food for about a week.

Our crew was made up of Mr. Arnold, skipper; his son, Herbert; Mr. Fitzpatrick, who acted as navigator; and me, who acted as general nuisance.

The first day we went as far as Plymouth, where we rigged up our swordfishing pulpit. We also purchased there such paraphernalia as barrel-buoys, harpoons, and harpoon heads and, of course, rope. From Plymouth we proceeded through the Cape Cod canal. Just out of the canal we sighted our first swordfish. "Fitz" climbed out on the pulpit and let him have it. The head went clean through the giant fish, but it went through near the side, where the skin was thin, and before we could throw out on a barrel he had succeeded in escaping. We sighted many more after this, but succeeded in landing none.

Just off Block Island I sighted a large shark, and proceeded to get all the tackle in readiness. It must be remembered that this was my first experience at the game. I clambered out on the pulpit with the harpoon in my hand. When we had navigated to a position directly above him, I drove the harpoon with all my strength into the briny deep, under which my intended victim dozed. My aim was perfect, for when the foam had drifted away, I found that I had driven clear through his stomach that glistening brass weapon. "Fitz" threw over the barrel and I proceeded in my effort to remove the harpoon. Meanwhile the shark had become very much awake and was thrashing about in a terrifying manner. I tugged and pulled on the harpoon, but to no avail; it stuck fast. I was determined to get that harpoon if it was the last thing I did, so with one final muscle-straining pull I tried my luck. The pulpit creaked and groaned under the strain, quickly gave way, and I did a somersault in the air, but my legs wound around the iron rail. Still the pulpit sank, until my head was under water, but I could not extricate myself now for my legs had become entangled with the bent and twisted braces.

There I hung upside down with my head under water, unable to free myself, and on top of this, a ferocious shark was beating the water around my submerged head. Finally the men on deck by bending the braces freed me, and I was hauled up out of harm's way. Meanwhile the shark had wound the rope around himself a few times and then bitten it in half, swimming swiftly away with the harpoon.

ROGER ENGLEY, 10-2.

A FORTUNE WON AND LOST
(As told by my great grandmother)

My great grandmother had a store of stories about interesting, exciting and adventurous happenings in the family, and she took as much pleasure in telling them to us as we in listening to them.

One of her favorite tales was the following: My great-great-great grandfather was a sailor. Once his ship was captured by pirates who killed a great part of his crew and put the rest

of them to work on board the ship. From time to time the remaining members of the crew were made to walk the plank until at last only my great-great-great grandfather and another sailor were left. Naturally he was always planning to save himself and for every one of his old friends killed, his desperation increased.

One day, by some kind of a ruse, they managed to get the whole pirate crew down into the hold. Quick as a flash one of the captives grabbed an ax and stationed himself at the only hatch of the hold. As soon as one of the pirates reached up to swing himself out of the hold he had his fingers chopped off. The other captive was forced to manage the sailing of the vessel by himself. By heroic efforts, staying awake both day and night for five days, they finally reached an English port where the pirate ship was turned over to the authorities.

According to law, the two captives, who had turned captors, received one half of the valuation of the ship and its cargo as their prize money.

My great-great-great grandfather took his share of the prize and returned home to his native land, Norway, where he soon lost all of it. The other man settled down in England and apparently prospered.

Sometimes we were inclined to think that my great grandmother's story was greatly colored since we could find no trace of this pirate money in the family. However, as circumstantial evidence, she offered the following events to which she could personally bear witness.

One day a letter arrived from England, very heavy and covered with official seals. The letter was addressed to my great-great grandfather and his brothers. It contained a will. The will stated that Miss ———— was the daughter of the man who had remained in England. She was unmarried and had no relatives. Many times, however, had her father told her about the man who was with him on the pirate ship. She knew of nobody more entitled to her estate than the descendants of this man. She therefore willed them all her possessions in England, and the will went on to list these.

But what did these uncouth sailors know about law? They took the letter to their employer, a member of one of Norway's most prominent families. He very generously offered to go to England as their representative. This offer, of course, they gladly accepted and intrusted him with the will and the other necessary papers, but failed to take a receipt for the same.

After a few weeks this man returned from England and told them that the whole thing was based on a misunderstanding and that there was no money or property to be had. This man, however, who was known to his employees as a comparatively poor man, had nevertheless, while in England been able to buy a good sized clipper ship with a full cargo of silks and linens. With this he established himself as a merchant. "But, I guess," remarked my great grandmother, "there was no luck attached to those kind of riches, because he failed."

My father once showed me this man's grave and tombstone. I was , of course, too young to remember this, but, my father later told me that while all other members of the family of this man had long beautiful stories about their accomplishments engraved upon their tombstones, this has a name only. The stone seems to say, "The less said the better!"

And thus ends the story of the pirate fortune won once and lost twice.

INGE THORNTON, 9-4.

CYCLONE

As we drew into Cleveland the clock of a church struck twelve. At the time we did not realize the experience ahead. Behind, the sky rapidly blackened. "Looks like a thunderstorm," remarked a man on a street corner. In fifteen minutes a slight wind arose. In another fifteen minutes we were forced to stop. Then, all at once, rain began to fall so fast that it became impossible to see. The wind arose to gale force. People clung to telephone poles to keep from being blown away. Glass-plate windows were blown in, forms came out of a department store window and went off down the street. In another part of the city a roof was lifted off a building. Cars were stalled in four or five feet of water, although the storm only lasted forty-five minutes. All through the city, trees were uprooted, telegraph poles were down, cars were stalled and many sections were washed out. This was my first experience with a lake storm.

ROBERT STEWART, 9-4.

THANKS

The day dawned blue and clear and cold,
  White frost adorned our roof,
Sweet laughter chimed from out-of-doors,
  And this alone is proof—
That the day of the year has come at last
  To make a joyful throng
More joyous yet, to have them feel
  Like shouting—all day long.
Each head and heart remembers well
  The days so long ago
When Pilgrim Fathers dropped their arms
  And forgave their bitter foe.
They seated them and fed them long,
  And heaped their platters high
With love and hope and friendliness
  To thank our Lord on high.

Allan Power, 9-9.

AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

The rough country lane ran beside a twisting and churning stream. The white foam bubbled and swirled around big rocks in its bed. Beside the stream stood stately flaming scarlet, green, and orange leaved maples. The leaves were falling from the trees that were swaying in the gentle wind and covering the sunburned grass with patches of brightly colored leaves. The land on the other side of the stream was thickly wooded, and moss formed a rich, soft, dark green carpet beneath the stately trees. The sky overhead was a misty blue with pearly white clouds scudding along in the wind.

DOROTHY LEONARD, 9-8.

A GOOD LESSON

One very cold afternoon in January, just as we were dismissed from school, Mary, dragging along her sled, ran to catch up with me. Mr. Hanes, who was hauling a large hay load to the railroad station offered to take us along with him. Although he told us to sit up on top of the load, we insisted that we were going to hitch our sled to a dangling chain and sit upon it.

"Isn't this just grand?" said Mary, sitting down on the sled and facing me.

Everything was all right until we came to our journey's end; then things began to happen. "Mr. Hanes must have forgotten we were here," I said, while the big sled kept steadily sliding over the snow.

"Oh! that's all right," Mary informed me. "I'll just slide off the end and you follow suit."

It sounded very simple and it was on Mary's part, for she slid off and was left sitting sweetly in the middle of the road.

Now it was my turn. I slid off about half way, when my brand-new dress caught on a nail and held me fast. My first effort was to get the other half of me back on the sled, but all in vain. The next minute I was on the ground and the sled was on top of me. Mary tried to help me back on the sled, but without success. Just then a strange thing happened. The rope on the sled broke and I was left in a bed of snow, with a rip in my dress from one side to the other, and my hands stinging furiously.

AURELIA SANFORD, 9-9.

TARPON SPRINGS, FLORIDA

Situated on the west coast of Florida, at the mouth of the Anclote River is the little town of Tarpon Springs. It is especially noted for being the home of the Greek Sponge Fisheries.

Along the waterfront are the wharves where the ridiculous little boats tie up. The boat we are to go on was named after Calvin Coolidge. These boats are manned mostly by Greeks and are gone for weeks at a time, miles into the Gulf in search of sponges.

When the boat reaches the best fishing grounds the men drop anchor. They make ready the diver who is attired in a heavy rubber suit, and rubber shoes with lead soles to weigh him down in the water. His helmet is made of copper with round glass set in it to enable him to see. After he is helped into his suit the men tie the life and the signal line to his helmet and the air hose is screwed into the back. The ladder is now lowered for him to go over the side of the boat and part way down into the water. Thus we see him begin his daring trip to the bottom of the gulf. When he has landed on the bottom he takes his small rake and begins to gather the sponges and put them into his large net basket. We will know when this is filled because there will be a number of short jerks on the signal line. This signals the attendants on the deck of the boat to pull him up.

The boats are homeward bound and the men are anxious to reach their home port and their families. They have arrived! What a wonderful sight to us tourists! The boats are tied up with gay colors and the sponges are laid out ready to be taken to the warehouse to be bleached. The warehouse looks like a court with cells on all sides. The boat I take most notice of is the boat which I have been on. It has its array of colored flags strung from the top of the mast aft to the stern and forward to the bow. The little boat is all white except for two orange and blue stripes that go around it.

After I leave the boats and walk up the wharf I notice an old diver's suit out in front of a store whose sign reads "Curio Shop." This looks very interesting because of the numerous displays of shells and sea fossils in the windows. I decide to go inside.

An ex-sponge diver who had become stooped with the pressure of the deep water comes up and asks, "How do you like Tarpon Springs?"

"Fine," I answer, "I think it is a very nice town and I think the waterfront is interesting with its fleet of sponge boats."

"We are very proud of Tarpon Springs," he says. "Would you like to see the store?"

He shows me around the store and explains what everything is. One thing that I like best is the pink and lavender sea fern. This is one of the most beautiful works of nature that I have ever seen. Several other things that are of interest are the salmon colored coral, the sponge baskets containing little plants, and the shell souvenirs.

I am sorry to leave the old gentleman and his curio shop, but as I am due back in St. Petersburg at six-thirty, I must be on my way to the bus terminal.

NANCY PLUMMER, 8-10.

AN ALASKAN ADVENTURE

In northern Alaska just after the gold rush, many people could be seen walking around their new homes talking, joking and watching other people. Among them was Bud Hunter and his father. Bud was sixteen and enjoyed many privileges such as fishing, hunting, trapping, and shooting. On this day Bud wanted to go fishing in the stream three miles away. When the time came the weather was very bad. Snow was falling.

The next morning when Bud awoke he found it was just the kind of day he had been wishing for. He aroused his father. They lit the fire and ate breakfast. Then they gathered their fishing rods, lines, sinkers, bait, and set off.

After a mile of walking, the snow began to fall. As luck would have it, Bud remembered that he had left his gun at home, so he said to his father, "You go on to Billy Paul's store, and wait until I come." The plan was agreed upon and Bud left for home on the run. Shortly he stopped to catch his breath. The snow was coming down still faster and Bud knew that fishing was out of the question unless they could do so through the ice.

Bud reached home, got his gun from the hook on the wall and set out again, this time for Paul's store. The snow was now blinding and Bud had to pick his way along. It was in this kind of weather that bears came out of the hiding places. Almost at once the expected happened. From out a snowy blanket emerged a brown bear. The boy raised his gun to his shoulder. He would, however, not shoot unless the bear attacked him first, because his father had always told him that a wounded bear was dangerous. Not daring to move, Bud let the animal approach. He stood dead in his tracks and looked at the bear which seemed to be alarmed at this strange upright figure which neither moved nor spoke. Bud had heard that people used to feign death. Thereupon, he fell prostrate to the ground, daring to breathe only at the most necessary moment. As Bud had anticipated, the bear came over, sniffed at him and lumbered away. But the boy had experienced so much excitement and fear that he was exhausted and weak, so weak that he made no attempt to rise. Finally he became numb and wanted very much to sleep.

Meanwhile his father became impatient and set out to find the "imp." As he trudged through the snow he came to a footprint of a bear, partly covered by snow. The man, ordinarily, would have been overjoyed at the prospects of a skin, but not now. He plodded on, and quite unexpectedly came upon a prone figure. He turned it over. It was Bud.

Not for some hours did the boy recover, sufficiently to tell his story. And then he slept again.

ROBERT NAVIN, 8-9.

MYSTERY

One night I went to the moving picture show. Both the pictures were mystery ones. When I left I glanced fearfully at the dark sides of the street. I was scared! When I got home I went right to bed.

Suddenly, aware of a heavy tap on my shoulder, I opened my eyes. There were five images in the room. They had what seemed to be big sacks over their heads. They also had arms striped green and blue. Their finger nails were long on one hand and short on the other. Part of the time I could only see half of them. Sometimes I could see none. They couldn't seem to keep still for they were moving all the time, even when staying in one place, something as a humming bird does.

They forced me out of bed and outside! I tried to move, but I couldn't! I just seemed to float along on the ground! I floated about a mile with them back of me. We finally came to a big precipice, about five hundred feet high. I was pushed to the edge! I was given a little push and the peculiar force which had kept me from falling was withdrawn! I started to fall! I screamed! I suddenly found myself on the floor. My mother was asking me what had happened and I was trying to explain.

The peculiar force which held me up may be explained by my covers, which were tucked in under the mattress so that when I was almost off the bed, my covers held me up until they became loose, then I fell. The rest of the dream may be explained by the mystery pictures.

WILLIAM FOX, 8-2.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Eve was all silent and still,
Except for a noise on the window sill.
We all crept up to see what it was,
And to our surprise it was Santa Claus!
He jumped to the floor, and then with a wink
He filled our stockings right up to the brink.
Then he moved toward the Christmas tree.
And what do you think he gave to me!
Why, some beautiful skates, so shiny and bright,
They dazzled my eyes by the fire-light.
I wanted to thank him, but he had gone,
Dashing with reindeer over the lawn.

Beverly Sweatt, 7-1.

THE FROG AND THE FLY

Once upon a time an old frog, who was very wise, was sitting on a lily pad in the middle of Laughing Brook.

A fly happened to be passing by and the frog called out, "Ah! my dear young lady, won't you come over and sing to me? Your voice soothes me." Now this foolish little lady fly was very young, and she didn't know any better than to go over to the frog. The frog clamped her in his hands and held her tight. She pleaded, but it was no use. The frog just

laughed and laughed and said, "Don't you know any better than to listen to flatterers?" He kept right on laughing, for he was a very wise frog.

LOUISE OLIVER, 7-9.

SHIVERING TIMBERS

Louise Wells was on the train on her way to her grandparents' home in Bartlett, Maine. She was dreaming. Would she like the old-fashioned house? What fun it would be to find secret closets and trap doors. "Bartlett," called the conductor. Louise suddenly "came to." Yes, there was Gramp and his "tin lizzy" waiting for her. She jumped in, put her bag in the back seat and off they started.

It was the night after she had arrived. Her grandparents had gone to town for food. She didn't feel like exploring so she went to bed. She was almost asleep when she awoke with a start. She heard a noise downstairs. Someone was taking the bric-a-brac on the mantelpiece. Who was it? She put on her bathrobe lighted her lamp and went downstairs. She hunted, but could not find anyone. The mystery, she couldn't solve.

Louise told her grandfather about that night. He said similar things had happened, but he had not found out what caused them. Three weeks later Louise heard that strange noise. She went into the dining room, and looking outside the window, saw that the arbor scraped across the door as the cat jumped into it.

CHARLOTTE MANDEVILLE, 7-1.

LISONS UN PEN DE FRANCAIS

Un Jour a notre ecole

Un jour quand nous étions à l'école, on nous a dit que le lendemain un monsieur, Docteur Tehyi Hsich, allait faire un discours dans l'amphithéâtre de l'école.

Le lendemain matin tous les élèves sont allés à l'amphithéâtre où nous avons trouvé que le conférencier n'était pas encore venu. En attendant celui-ci nous avons poussé quelques vivats pour notre école.

Bientôt le conférencier est venu et j'étais surprise de voir qu'il était Chinois. Il mous a salués et il a parlé de beaucoup de choses intéressantes. Il nous a montré l'ancien drapeau de son pays et le nouveau drapeau. Celui-là avait beaucoup de couleurs mais le nouveau drapeau était celui de la république et c'était rouge, blanc, et bleu.

Il a dit que les Japonais se préparent pour la guerre tout le temps mais que les Chinois désirent la paix.

Tout le monde a aimé sa conférence at nous espérons qu'il nous visitera encore une fois quand il sera aux États-Unis.

EVELYN HEALEY, 11-4.

LES TROIS VERITES

Une fois un roi a déclaré que tous les gens de son royaume qui désobéissaient à la loi seraient amenés à la cour. Là on leur donnerait la liberté s'ils pouvaient déclarer trois vérités que personne ne pourrait contredire.

Alors, un jour un soldat a désobéi à la loi et il s'est caché dans les bois où il est devenu très méchant. Enfin, on l'a trouvé et l'a emmené à la cour.

"Vous savez la loi," a dit le juge.

"Je la sais," a répondu le soldat. "Si je déclare trois vérités je serai libre, mois si je ne puis pas le faire on me tuera."

"C'est ça," a dit le juge. "Profitez de notre loi et dites-nous trois vérités parfaites ou vous serez puni."

"Eh bien," a dit le soldat. "Voici la première vérité: Toute ma vie depuis mon enfance j'ai été méchant."

"Est-ce vrai?" a demandé le juge.

"Sans doute," on a répondu.

"Alors continuez," a ordonné le juge. "Qu'est-ce que c'est que la deuxième vérité?"

"Je n'aime pas cette situation où je me trouve maintenant."

"Certainement," a dit le juge. "Nous pouvons croire cela. Si vous pourrez dire une troisième vérité vous vous êtes sauvé."

"Eh bien!" a répliqué l'homme, "la troisième vérité est que si je pars de cette cour, je ne reviendrai jamais."

"Voilà tout," a dit le juge, "vous avez gagné votre liberté."

Et on dit que l'homme s'en est allé et qu'il était sage tout le reste de sa vie.

ROSINA GUZZI, 11-1.

LA MORT DE MONSIEUR L' OURS

Jean chassait un jour quand il a vu un gros ours. L'ours était debout derrière un petit arbre où il était allé pour manger des pommes. Il regardait autour de lui, les yeux furieux.

Le garçon a couru dans une grange qui n'était pas loin. L'ours l'a suivi. Jean a jeté des pommes de terre à l'ours de la fenêtre quand celui-ci a monté dans un grand arbre. Il s'est fâché. Il s'est élancé de l'arbre au toit de la grange et il était enragé. Il s'est promené le long du toit, et Jean, en bas, avait peur.

"Que faire?" pensait le garçon, effrayé. Il a pris son fusil et l'a poussé hors de la fenêtre vers le toit. Alors quand monsieur l'ours est venu par là, pan!

On a entendu le coup de fusil aux environs, et même d'une distance de six milles on est venu pour voir Jean, le héro, qui avait tué le gros ours au haut du toit.

HAROLD ACKER, 11-3.

UN EVENEMENT INTERESSANT

L'été dernier, le jour de l'éclipsé, nous avons loué un bateau parce que nous avions l'intention d'aller près de Provincetown. Là nous avions jeté l'ancre pour observer la totalité de l'éclipse de cet endroit-là.

Tout allait bien et nous pouvions voir l'éclipse parfaitement quand tout à coup un nuage a obscurci le ciel. Après que le nuage avait disparu nous nous sommes rendus compte que nous avions presque vu la totalité de l'éclipse excepté au moment où le nuage passait.

Pendant la période de la totalité il faisait très froid et très sombre mais après quelques minutes il faisait chaud encore. Tout le monde sur le bateau était content d'avoir si bien vu l'éclipse, et tous les invités ont dit que l'excursion était un grand succès.

MARGUERITE KNOWLES, 11-4.

LE DECOR DU CHAPEAU

Un jour pendant que j'étais à Savannah, une amie et moi avons fait une promenade dans un parc. Après avoir marché longtemps, nous nous sommes assises sur un banc.

De l'autre côté de l'allée une grosse négresse était aussi assise sur un banc. Elle portait un chapeau de paille noir et une robe orange.

Comme nous la regardions, tout d'abord elle a ouvert son sac duquel elle a tiré une grande rose rouge. Après avoir ôté son chapeau elle a placé la rose sur le bord. Elle a remis le chapeau alors, et puis elle s'est regardée dans un petit miroir qu'elle avait dans son sac.

Tout à coup mon amie a remarqué deux petits garçons derrière elle. Un des garçons tenait une tomate à la main. Sans hésitation il l'a jetée. Elle est allée droit au but et paf! elle a frappé la rose qui est tombée à terre. Tout de suit les garçons se sont cachés vite dans les buissons.

Lentement la femme a tourné les yeux vers nous et nous a regardées longuement. Alors elle a entendu un rire étouffé et elle a bientôt vu le garçon dont on pouvait voir les cheveux roux derrière un buisson. Vivement elle l'a saisi et l'a secoué en lui montrant l'ornement de tomate sur son chapeau.

Mais tout à coup la négresse a vu un agent de police et elle a laissé tomber le petit. Puis elle a marché vite vers l'autre côté du parc.

Le garçon a appelé son camarade et ils s'en sont allés en riant. Quant à nous, on ne nous a pas accusées de gâter ce chapeau fameux et nous en étions bien contentes.

CATHARINE HORTON, 11-1.

THE MANET

NORTH QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 6 QUINCY, MASS. Number 1

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS

January first has come and gone. Resolutions have been made and broken. We all know that an unbroken resolution will not be recorded in the annals of history, but the result of that resolve will long be remembered in the minds of our friends. Every "thank you," "please," and "excuse me" is strengthening the impression to be made on a future employer. The assistance given to a friend in need will not only deepen our friendship, but will be insurance against future trouble. Harsh words wound more quickly than blows. Can't some of us still feel the sting of apparently harmless words thoughtlessly spoken long ago? These points are seemingly insignificant in contrast with the problems we meet daily in life, but by strengthening them we can solve our problems with less difficulty and will find the world a pleasanter place in which to live.

ANNA CUMMINGS, 11-6.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

One of the biggest projects which North Quincy High has chosen to undertake this fall is the organizing of a football team. The forming of such a team was met with much enthusiasm by the entire student body, particularly by the boys of the senior unit. Equipping the boys with the necessary outfit, however, was the great problem with which the school was confronted.

To secure this necessary equipment, season tickets were issued with the hope that the students would coöperate and contribute to the cause. The returns, however, were rather small. A short time later "N. Q." buttons were placed on sale. The income from these also was not so large as had been anticipated. Though the school lacked the necessary funds, the team was equipped with uniforms. The boys on the squad worked hard and coöperated with one another in forming a strong team, through the efforts of Mr. Donahue and Mr. Foy. The school should be proud of having such a fine football squad and should be willing to do its part.

It has been recently suggested that a school hockey team be organized. The faculty, however, is rather hesitant in making any plans for such a sport, due to the fact that the student body has not coöperated as well as it might in previous undertakings.

Let's get busy. There's no reason at all why we shouldn't have a good hockey team.

MARY GILMARTIN, 11-6.

CONVICTIONS

The judgment of the student body at North is to be commended on the re-election for president of the Student Council, a boy whose accomplishments during previous terms of office were so laudible—Joseph Watson.

Many times we have heard it said that boys and girls are fair-minded. We would be proving the opposite of this statement if we failed to recognize and renew the leadership of one who has served us well in the past. As an excuse we might say we wish to afford others the opportunity to prove their efficiency. But if we say this, what is to be gained by a boy or girl as a reward for good service other than the reward of personal satisfaction? Truly, shouldn't we admit that we are a bit envious and seek to take away that which we once so graciously gave?

North's student body cannot be accused of such an offence, however. It has always supported those worthy of its backing. We hope that in the future the boys and girls will be as true to their convictions as they were in re-electing Joseph Watson, president of the Student Council.

OUR IDEA OF ATHLETICS

Athletics, in the past, have been arranged so that they would develop the individual instead of the mass. At North we take a different view of this problem.

We all know that athletics holds a very prominent part in the plan of keeping the body and mind physically fit. Here we have a ten minute gymnastic session every day and classes in physical education are also part of our weekly program. Practically every individual has either been assigned to a gymnasium class or he has chosen it as an elective. It is often advisable for some people to take a greater number of gym periods than others. The pupils are placed in classes according to the special attention they may need. Some classes are devoted chiefly to strenuous exercising, while others spend a fifty minute period doing less strenuous exercises and engaging in beneficial muscle building games. Apparatus work and rope climbing is also one of the modern means of developing muscles. All these ways of spending the weekly periods help to supply the amount of exercise which is so important in the building up of good health.

MARGARET DEERING.

PLEASE! DO NOT HURT PARKED CARS

Experience is my authority for the advice, "Look where you are going." I was running down the driveway chasing a boy in a game of lady football. As we neared a parked car I reached out to tag the boy. I tagged him, but in doing so I lost my balance and went face first into the bumper of the car. As it was I just had a slight swelling on the side of my face. It might have been worse.

I say, "Look where you're throwing things" because of what I have heard and surmised. A tin can thrown can do as much damage as a well aimed stone or rock. Let us suppose a visitor parked his car in the right hand driveway. The visitor enters the school feeling that his car is safe. The first lunch period comes. Some pupils go out and start a game of football, we'll say a forward pass is thrown with decent strength. Crash! goes the window of the car or there is a dent in the mudguard. The visitor comes out after the pupils have gone, gets a poor idea of the school and is slightly annoyed because of the damaged car which does not look well.

So it is better for your own sake as well as others to watch out where you are throwing things.

SIGNS

Do we believe in signs? Of course we do. Since the "no left turn" warning has been visible opposite the center stairway on the third floor, the traffic jam at that point has vanished. In fact, conditions have improved so much that it has been safe to station a mere slip of a girl there as a traffic officer.

ANNA CUMMINGS.

FRIENDS

To have friends is a great thing; to lose them is tragedy. Most of us are able to make friends easily enough, but how many of us really keep them? We little know, sometimes how slight a gesture on our part has gained attention from another, which may later lead to a solid friendship. It may have been a smile, a pleasing personality, an understanding attitude, a depth of character, an unselfish disposition.

But the mere acquisition of a friend is not friendship. We must, first of all, understand why our friends act as they do. We may not agree with them and may even frankly say so. We must make allowances for their faults. It must be rather sad to lose a friend due to misunderstanding.

And what do our friends do for us? The very knowledge that we have friends affects our dispositions. We feel happier, more secure, contented. Through them our acquaintances increase, our chances of enjoyment multiply; we feel one with the world.

GEORGE W. HOWE.

The qualities of an individual's character are given the opportunity to be revealed in the execution of various plans about school. Such a one—placing in one room all who are able to study without supervision — develops trustworthiness, self responsibility and honesty. This plan was practiced for a month, and will undoubtedly find its place in the new program for the next term. Any such plan in order to succeed necessitates sincerity on the part of the individual and good judgment of character on the part of the teachers.

GORDON TABOR.

The following quotation is taken from an article by Mr. C. C. Tillinghast, principal Horace Mann School, New York.

"The adult 'good citizen' is not one for whose every step a chart must be provided by some authority, but is the one who, self-directed and self-controlled, meets each life situation, expected or unusual, with such cheerful common sense and positive application of constructive thinking that not only is the immediate problem well solved, but society is the gainer because of the action taken. 'He never breaks a rule' is no way to measure. The highest type of citizenship training is that which makes it possible to meet with satisfying success those emergencies for which no rules exist."

UNTOLD TREASURE

An American author once said, "The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man."

North Quincy High has a very good library. In the library are excellent reference books which may be taken out over night. Many of these books contain information which, if used properly would help to increase one's general knowledge.

In addition to the reference books there are various other types. For the lovers of fiction there are stories of mystery, adventure, love, animal life, etc. For those interested in lives of people, many biographical and auto-biographical books are provided.

Our library is growing each year. At present we have approximately three thousand books. Would it not seem probable that at least a few of them would give you pleasure?

ETHEL LITTLE, 11-6.

In explanation of the cover and the motif used throughout the magazine in this issue, we may state that, taking the theme of winged Pegasus, the immortal symbol of genius and inspiration, we have endeavored to unify the art section by making the headings follow this theme. The editorial page is headed by a torch symbolizing inspiration; the literary page is headed by the phrase, Star Dust, symbolizing the strange, intangible material from which we weave our literary endeavors; the joke page has at its head Comet Hairs using the glorious tumbler of the heavens as a means of expressing the lightness and keeness required for true wit.

ELIZABETH BALCOM, 11-1.

ACTIVITIES

LECTURE BY COMRADE OF ADMIRAL BYRD

You may well imagine that the large auditorium of the North Quincy High School was filled to capacity the day that Lieutenant Charles E. Lofgren told us "The Human Story of the Byrd Expedition." He told of the extreme hardships of the frozen south and of how the men of the expedition endured them so bravely.

The indomitable spirit of Commander Byrd was clearly shown by various incidents that were related by the speaker. Lieutenant Lofgren showed the official pictures of the famous expedition and it was truly wonderful to realize that we were seeing pictures of one of the least known sections of the world.

Life at the pole was clearly shown and the pictures gave one a very fine idea of the daily routine and happenings. Lt. Lofgren had one of the dogs that was born at the south pole with him. The dog's name is Tom Pratt and he attracted a great deal of attention. The students certainly appreciated getting first hand information concerning an expedition that will go down in the annals of history.

As I sit writing this article I heard a radio announcement to the effect that it was thirteen years ago this December that Raold Amundsen made the first trip to the South Pole. He went on a dog sled, Byrd went in an airplane. They both got there, but what a difference in the method of transportation. I wonder how and where explorers will be going thirteen years from now?

HELEN M. VANDELEUR.

DR. JOSEPH MURPHY

An interesting program was presented in the auditorium November 14, by the members of "The Manet" staff. Anna Cummings, editor-in-chief, introduced the staff to the school. George Howe, assistant editor-in-chief, then presented Dr. Joseph Murphy, who is director of the Columbia Scholastic Press, and is president of the Bureau of Public Relations at Catholic University in Washington. He spoke of the value of advertising in a school magazine and gave several suggestions for the improvement of "The Manet." In closing, he asked the student body to do its part in supporting the school magazine.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

WELCOME BACK, MR. CRONIN

There was great rejoicing in the junior unit when it was announced that Mr. John Cronin from the Boston Public Library would return to North and give one of his inimitable performances before that assembly.

Mr. Cronin interpreted Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped." Since he is a good actor he was able to give us excellent characterizations.

We shall look for Mr. Cronin next year.

HELEN VANDELEUR.

Miss Helen T. McQuillen,
Executive of the Younger Girls' Department,
Boston Y. W. C. A.

MISS HELEN McQUILLEN

Miss McQuillen's talk on those essential qualities which every girl, who wishes to fill her place in the world well, must possess, held our attention till her very last word. Her own personality was a pleasing one and she seemed to us a good example of her theories in practice. She spoke particularly of the personality which at once wins friends for us; of the poise which enables us to handle situations when we are the least prepared; of the manners which enable us to place ourselves and others at ease.

PARENTS' NIGHT

On November 9, Parents' Night was held. The teachers remained in their rooms between 7.30 and 8.00 P. M. to receive the parents and discuss the work of the pupils. At eight P. M. the parents went to the auditorium, where a program was given by the pupils. Mr. James N. Muir, superintendent of schools gave a brief talk, stating that it would be necessary to have the second wing built on to the school because of over-crowded conditions. He asked their support in obtaining the necessary legislation for this purpose.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

DANCES

Under the auspices of the Athletic Association, two dances were given in the school gymnasium. These dances, in October and December were very successful. The hosts and hostesses at the last dance were Mr. and Mrs. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Miss Currier and Miss Dennison.

Dr. Teyhi Hsieh

DR. TEYHI HSIEH

On November third, we heard a very enlightening and amusing talk, given by the distinguished Chinese scholar and statesman, Dr. Teyhi Hsieh. Dr. Hsieh explained the "New Chinese Movement," telling of the great intellectual improvement made by the Chinese people in the past few years. He also emphasized the great need of doctors, dentists, and nurses in China, stating that there is only one physician to each four hundred thousand people, and one school-teacher to each one hundred thousand children. Dr. Hsieh is a most cultured gentleman. He has travelled in forty-two countries and speaks many languages. On several occasions he has performed diplomatic missions for his country. Dr. Hsieh speaks English fluently, even using "slang" with good effect. At times his power of oratory held his audience spellbound and then he would have them roaring with laughter with his puns and witticisms. At the end of his speech, Dr. Hsieh made a strong appeal for international peace and friendship between the United States and China.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

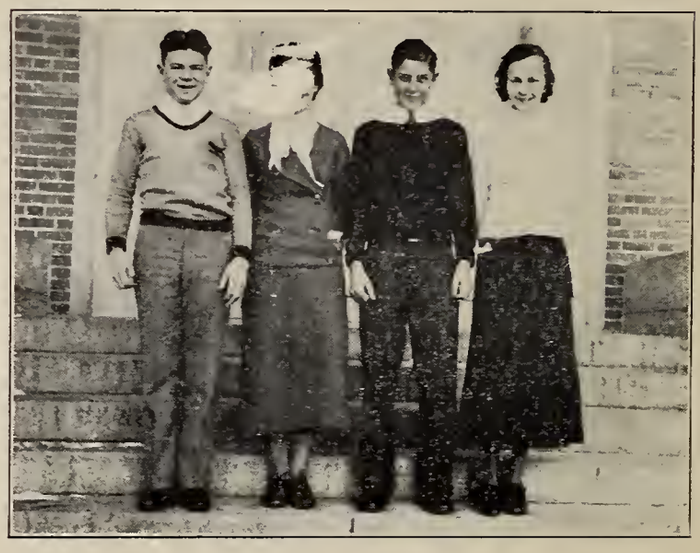
COLLEGE MEETING

On Thursday afternoon, December 8, the members of the College Preparatory Group met with their parents in the auditorium to receive information concerning college standards and requirements. The meeting was in charge of Mr. Smoyer, head of the English department. Mr. Smoyer explained the college entrance board examinations and told of the necessity of raising the standard of high school work in order to prepare the pupils for college. Mr. MacDonald, head of the mathematics department discussed the difficulties in mathematics encountered in college entrance examinations and Mr. Alexander, language department head, spoke about languages. Mr. Bridges, head of the science department, urged the students to concentrate on chemistry which was one of the hardest college subjects.

Mr. Muir, superintendent of schools, was present, and gave a brief talk, praising the work of the faculty of the school.

The meeting was a profitable one, to teachers, parents, and students.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.



Ninth Grade Class Officers

Walter Dixon, Treasurer; Jane Curran, Vice-President; Ralph Bevans, President; Priscilla Cleaves, Secretary; Mary Burckhart, Honorary Vice-President (Not in picture).

PUPILS RECEIVING SCHOOL LETTERS, JUNE, 1932

Upper Picture (Reading left to right)—First Row—Winifred Brown, Doris Kenney, Eleanor Hawkins, Marion Kelley, Merle Lowell, Mary Pratt, Ann Shennett, Ruth Eberts, Helen Dowd, Ruth Reynolds; Second Row — Jane Baldwin, Eileen Walsh, Ebba Galberg, Marie Byrnes, Marguerite Reynolds, Marjorie Lowell, Patricia McNally, Thelma Throndsen, Marjorie Whitcomb, Josephine Cambria, Gladys Finney, Beatrice Johnson; Third Row—Virginia Andros, Ruth Atkins, Barbara Bruce, Marie Bryan, Rita Begley, Ruth Hayden, Phyllis Purcell, Sylvia Purcell, Nancy Bray; Fourth Row—Josephine Newcomb, Grace Willy, Gertrude Kendall, Eleanor Pitts, Ethel Bettoney, Dorothy Stelbins, Geraldine White, Winifred Spalding; Fifth Row—Joel Williams, Nino Mayer, Clarence Butts, Fred Cummings, Michael McNiece, Richard Johns, Harold Scollin, Everett Pope, Paul Dennison, Dana Hill; Sixth Row—Vlasios Georgian, Curtis Millen, Robert Weden, William Cavanaugh, William MacMillan, Frank Howe, Joseph Williams, James Hawco, John Hermistone, Robert Navin, Richard Pickett, Arthur Trott, Peter Cooke, Charles King, Marshall Roberts, John Daley, Paul Jensen.

Those not in the photograph are: Annable Koutsky, Doris Peterson, William Sharkey, Mary Burckhart, Frances Cain, Jane Curran, Norma Hornbrook, Violet Moyes, Kathryn Williams, John Kennedy.

Lower Picture (Reading left to right)—Front Row—Hazel Borne, Rena Hayman, Edith Leonard, Elinor Reilly, Betty Donna, June Ritchie, May Ritchie, Harriet Leavitt, Rena Griffith, Marjorie Rupprecht; Second Row—Betty Andros, Katherine Horton, Anna Cummings, Mildred Eliott, Dorothy Finn, Margaret Deering, Mary Ready, Rita Darling, Natalie Archer, Helen Vandeleur, Mary Guilmarten, Gladys Olson, Doris Watts; Third Row—Betty Parmenter, Elizabeth Ogilvie, Eleanor Grandy, Katherine Zottoli, Bernice Lyford, Elsie Young, Ruth Miles, Bettina Hayden, Paul Jenkins, Kenneth Patten, John Paulson, Norman Pare; Fourth Row — James Allen, Arthur Nelson, Arthur Young, Albert Nelson, Natalie Butler, Anna Cashman, Clarence Metcalf, James Johnston, Albert Frost, Vincent Cragin; Fifth Row—Joseph McWeeney, John Smith, Philip Leadbetter, Thomas Ferris, Arlon Hussey, Arthur Winnett, Richard Brown; Sixth Row—Aldric Smith, Robert Keith, Arthur Schuh, Woodie Jenkins, Albert Edson, Joseph Watson, Edward Hall; Seventh Row — Elmer Peterson, Edward Bentley, George Wanzer, Ralph Mettler, Lawrenze Schroth, Charles Caulderwood; Eighth Row—James Fay, Harold Lindquist, Donald Knowles, Grover Clark, James Guilmartin, Edward Cragin, Robert Smith; Back Row—Walter Bryan, Joseph Rogers, George Mltchell, Fred Josselyn, George Howe, George Hutt, Lawrence McCarthy, Gordon Taber.

Those not in the picture are—Ralph Macleod, Hollis Chase, Warren Nicholson, Richard Batchelder, Wlllam Feurtado, George T. Murphy, Nicholas Rucky, Charles J. King.

SCHOOL LETTER AWARDS

A custom has come down to us of awarding school letters as a token of especial endeavor in upholding the honor of a school upon the athletic field.

This token has been distinctly connected with athletic achievements.

We feel that the service rendered by students in pursuits other than athletics is worthy of recognition in this way, and therefore, to encourage "all around" development and proper citizenship, we urge the adoption of a letter award system based upon general participation in a number of worth while school activities.

We know the urge which captures the heart of a boy when an upper classman strolls by with the school letter on his sweater. Immediately the question arises, "How can I get one of those letters?" The letter becomes a goal. The path to attainment should be a happy, but not an easy one. It matters not if he fails to see that, "Tis' better to travel hopefully than to arrive." Yet development naturally comes, unconscious of it though he may be.

Then as a reward for "Good and faithful service," along with commendations of "well done," we recognize the efforts and crown the attainment by presenting the school letters.

We anticipate that it will not be solely, "For the sake of a ribboned coat or the selfish hope of a season's fame," but that the boy will learn how to respond in later life as he did when,

"His captain's hand on his shoulder smote;
'Play up! Play up! And play the game'!"

WELFARE WORK

This year the student body helped materially in providing Christmas cheer to the needy and unfortunate people of Quincy. Each home-room volunteered to take charge of one family and see that the family had a happy Christmas. Each home-room was divided into committees on food, clothing, toys, and Christmas trees. The pupils brought food, clothing, and toys from home and contributed towards a Christmas tree. Seventy families were taken care of, and the pupils gained much pleasure from helping in this work.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

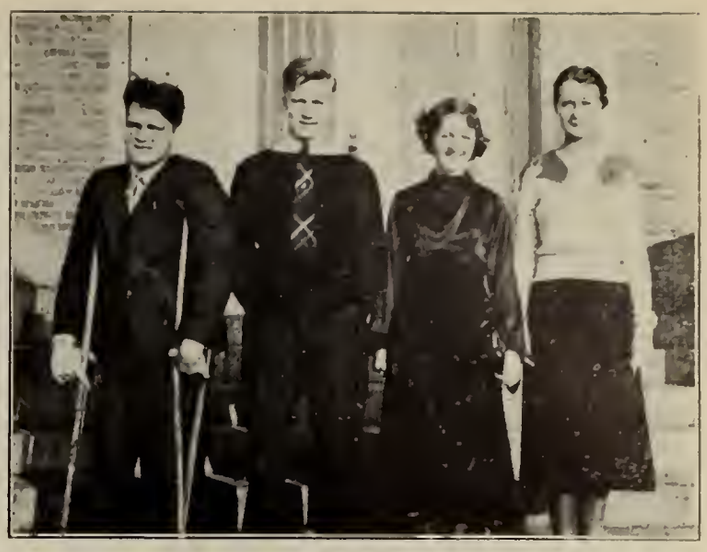
JUNIOR STUDENT COUNCIL, 1932-1933

Seated—First Row (left to right)—Walter Thomas, 8-11; William Sharkey, 8-10; John Canty, 7-3 (Boys); Richard Knowles, 7-6; William Murphy, 9-1. Second Row—Frederick Millet, 7-7; Mary Brown, 7-4; Merle Lowell, 8-8, Secretary; Robert Navin, 8-9-7, Boys' President; Priscilla Jenkins, 8-2, Vice-President; Ruth Morgan, 8-9, Girls; Lincoln Bartlett 7-2. Third Row—James Wells, 7-11; Rosa Mary Walman, 8-1; Genevieve Gardner, 8-7; Phyllis Cox, 7-8-3, Girls; Geraldine White, 8-3; Waltrude Twyman, 9-6; Bertha Rydwell, 9-5; Helen Dowd, 8-6-5, Girls; Beaverley Sweatt, 7-1; Bicknell Hall, 7-5. Fourth Row—Margaret Reynolds, 9-4; Dorothy Robbins, 9-9; Paul Tupper, 7-10; Henry Moore, 9-3; James Gilmartin, 9-2; William Pratt, 7-12; Robert Adams, 8-4; Vlasios Georgian, 8-5-6, Boys; Josephine Cambria 9-7; Clifton Rogers, 7-9.

Also Curtis Millen, 9-8; Robert Williams and Beatrice Bowles, 8-12.

Tenth Grade Class Officers

George McAvoy, Treasurer; Agnes Walker, Secretary; Vernon Mathurin, President; Kathleen Buddenhagen, Vice-President.



Eleventh Grade Class Officers

John Heurth, Treasurer; Arthur Nelson, President; Natalie Archer, Vice-President; Pauline Hopey, Secretary.

Senior Student Council, 1932-1933

Standing (left to right)—Mr. Walter Warriner, Faculty Advisor; Gordon Taber, Agnes Walker, Richard Fisher, Lorenz Schroth, Miss Marjorie Currier, Faculty Advisor; Sitting (left to right)—Robert Cummings, Eleanor DeVries, Joseph Watson, President; Natalie Archer, Vice-President; Arlon Hussey.

STUDENT COUNCILS

This year there are two departments of the Student Council; the junior and senior units. The junior group is composed of representatives elected by the members from each homeroom in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. These students meet each week under the supervision of Mr. Gaige, and discuss ways of solving the problems which arise in school. The senior group is composed of four members from the tenth, and four members from the eleventh grade. These eight students are elected by representatives from each home room. The senior group discuss problems relating to the upper grades, and suggests aids for the student body. Miss Currier supervises the group.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

Athletic Council

Front Row (left to right)—Charles Mellish, Grade Seven; Elizabeth Andros, Grade Eleven; Vincent Cragin, Treasurer, Grade Ten; Thelma Throndsen, Secretary, Grade Nine; Winnifred Becker, Grade Seven.

Second Row—John Donahue, Faculty Advisor; Charles McCarthy, Grade Nine; Rita Darling, Vice-President, Grade Eleven; Natalie Butler, Grade Ten; Barbara Bruce, Grade Eight; Julia Marriner, Faculty Advisor.

Third Row—Joseph McWeeney, President, Grade Eleven; James Fay, Grade Ten; Walter Bryan, Grade Eleven; Anna Cashman, Grade Ten.

Not in Photograph—Fred Cummings, Grade Eight.

PURPOSES OF THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The purpose of the Athletic Council is to organize an association which will include the entire student body. Through the coöperation of this body the athletic program can be planned.

The council, under the direction of Miss Marriner and Mr. Donahue, is made up of two boys and two girls from each senior high grade and one boy and one girl from each junior high grade. They meet once a month to discuss matters pertaining to athletics such as: the letter award system, finances, helping at games, and sponsoring social activities for the benefit of the athletic fund.

The success of this council is in direct proportion to the degree of interest shown by the students and teachers. Give them your loyal support.

CLUBS

The club system of the North Quincy High School is organized chiefly to provide constructive enjoyment for the pupils in the building. Naturally, the interests of such a large body of pupils differ widely, therefore supplying a demand for clubs of all types. If a group of pupils find they have a common interest and that there is no club covering this activity, such an organization may be formed by applying at the office, and if accepted there, a teacher is

found who is willing to take the responsibility of sponsorship. In this manner, many of our most popular clubs have been originated. The list of thirty-five clubs gives an outlet to practically every type of boy or girl, from the athletically inclined to the pupil who enjoys doing handicraft work.

At past assemblies, some of our most interesting programs have been provided by groups such as the Glee Club, the Gymnasium Clubs, the Art Club, the Debating Club, and the Aeroplane Clubs. Read about these in the following articles describing the activities of our various clubs.

JANET ADAIR.

ARCHERY CLUB

Sponsor.....Miss Tufts
President.....Kenneth Harding
Vice-President.....Fred Cummings
Secretary and Treasurer Inge Thornton
Clerk.....Arthur Hewitt

The first three or four meetings of the Archery Club were devoted to teaching the prospective archers the proper care and use of the bows and arrows. The actual shooting, weather permitting, is done at Faxon Field. During the winter, however, because of cold and possible snow, the shooting is done in the corridor at the rear of the cafeteria. Competition is keen because individual scores are kept.

Dues amounting to five cents a week are collected for the purpose of replacing worn or broken equipment, or, as in the case of last year, the members bought a new five foot lemonwood bow at the end of the term.

INGE THORNTON.

ART CLUB

Sponsor.....Miss Mabel Smith
President.....Edith Zottoli
Vice-President.....Mary Sisson
Secretary.....Martha Collins

The work of the Art Club, besides encouraging art appreciation, gives an outlet for self expression to the members of the organization.

At the first of the year, Decorators' Color Charts were made, and as the club was late in starting, work on Christmas tea tile designs was begun immediately. Many unusual and intricate designs have been transferred and painted on the tiles for Christmas gifts.

Soap sculpture will be the next unit to be taken up.

BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

Sponsor.....Miss Lindquist
President.....Inge Hansen
Secretary-Treasurer.....Doris Lord

The purpose of the club is to learn how to make block prints. Block printing is the transferring of a picture to linoleum, cutting out the parts around the picture, and then covering the raised surface with oil dye and finally printing it.

At present we are making block prints for calendars; each month is represented by some appropriate picture.

Later the club plans to make book plates and to paint wall hangings.

THE BOOKBINDING CLUB

Sponsor.....Miss Eko
President.....Barbara Pitts
Secretary-Treasurer.....Betty Day

This club is at present making such useful things as letter cases, photograph albums, stamp albums, and envelope cases. The aim of this club is to teach each girl how to make useful things from leather. The pupils plan to make plain notebooks which will be used by them daily in their school work. One pupil will make a diary.

CHESS CLUB

Sponsor.....Miss Sundelin
President.....Everett Pope
Vice-President.....Raymond Stoner
Secretary.....Gordon Gray
Treasurer.....Safford Sweatt

The purpose of the Chess Club is to exercise that valuable gray matter called the human brain. The game calls for quick-wittedness, observation, concentration, imagination, and other desirable mental qualities. Chess lessons are given to the new comers at the beginning of each term and then the tournament is on. The prizes are paid for by club dues. So far, a feminine touch has been lacking. Are the girls' brains of a slower quality than the boys', as they seem to avoid chess?

THE DEBATING CLUB

Sponsor.....Mr. Hofferty
President.....Edward Hall
Vice-President.....Eleanor Gravely
Secretary.....Virginia Drinkerkoff

This club teaches the members to have much confidence in themselves and to speak correctly and emphatically. Besides learning these things the club members enjoy themselves. Each has a chance to express his views about the question that is under discussion.

There are many seventh graders in the Debating Club who will probably become experienced debaters.

DRESSMAKING CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Connick
President .....Dorothy Lavangi
Vice-President .....Ruth Eberts
Secretary .....Beulah Kane

This club was formed at the request of numerous girls. It is made up of eighth grade girls who do not take sewing. The pupils are making blouses, dresses, and skirts for themselves.

EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL CLUB

Sponsor .....Mr. Sylvia
President .....Frank O'Donnel
Vice-President.....Charles McKinnon
Secretary .....Robert Fallon

One of the most successful boys' clubs in the past has been the Educational Travel Club, as it has been sponsored in the interest of those who enjoy visiting the places of business of various local companies. Some of these are, the Charlestown Navy Yard, Christian Science Monitor, Quincy Telephone Exchange, White Brothers Milk Company, the Edison Plant and Fore River Ship Yard. In the future the club hopes to visit the Sunshine Biscuit Factory, Schraffts Candy Company and others.

THE GIRL RESERVES

Sponsor .....Miss Mahoney
President .....Mabel Edgecomb
Vice-President .....Marjorie Hill
Secretary .....Doris Anderson
Treasurer .....Winifred Spaulding

The Girl Reserves is a junior division of the Y. W. C. A. The work is of an instructive nature, stressing in particular their motto: "Face life squarely."

GYM CLUB

Sponsor .....Mr. L. Rogers
Secretary .....James Queeney

The purpose of the Gym Club is to avoid making it just another gym period, and to provide a different type of recreation. Up to the present, new games have been taught, played, and enjoyed by the members.

HANDICRAFT CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Marr
President .....Gertrude Roche
Vice-President .....Genevieve Hommel
Secretary .....Ruth Sullivan

The purpose of the club is two-fold in that its aim is not only to teach the girls interested in handicraft various things to make, but also to develop skill in making them. So far this year, many members have completed beaded bracelets for themselves or friends, and the next project will be to start on fancy pillows.

THE HIKING CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Gomley
President .....Sidney Lenard
Vice-President .....Virginia Thomas
Secretary .....Margaret Strang

At the beginning of the semester the members of the club, consisting of twenty girls, suggested places they would like to go. As the weather has been rainy, the girls have had to depend upon games in the classroom for their entertainment. They have hiked to Atlantic Beach, Wollaston Golf Links and Dennison's Airport.

They plan to visit White Brothers' Creamery soon.

HI-Y CLUB

Sponsor .....Mr. James Hardy
President .....Russell Urquhart
Vice-President .....Arlon Hussey
Secretary .....James Guilmartin
Treasurer .....Charles Hitchcock

The Hi-Y Club was first organized in this school last year by Mr. James Hardy, Boys' Advisor at the Y. M. C. A. in Quincy. The members of the club discuss ways of improving the school and community, and assist in raising money for school projects.

JIGSAW PUZZLE CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Helen Hunt
President .....David Ramsay
Treasurer .....William Feeney
Librarians.Daniel Ramsay, Raymond Olson

The Jigsaw Puzzle Club is another group resulting directly from popular demand. In order to stimulate competition, the members are at present working to see who is the speediest puzzle maker. The library consists of twenty-one puzzles and with the dues collected each week, new additions are being made. The librarians allow members to take the puzzles home, and in the future, the club is planning to make its own.

JUNIOR GLEE CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Otten
President .....Helen Gilmartin
Secretary .....Marion Nestor
Librarian .....Constance Dennison

These song birds are practicing for a cantata called "The Walrus and the Carpenter." After Christmas they plan to practice for a new one. The title is, as yet, undecided.

KNOW YOUR CITY CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Shirley

The purpose of the Know Your City Club is to familiarize its members with many of the local spots of interest in our city. The places visited this year are the Neponset and Boston Boundary, Atlantic Fire Station, Houghs Neck Pumping Station, and the Sky Line Trail through the Blue Hills to the Crags.

LEADERS' CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Reilly
President .....Thora Soderberg
Secretary .....Elizabeth Marston

This club consists of about thirty-five members who act as either leaders or assistants. During the club period the members are trained to give the exercises to the various classes about the building.

THE LIBRARY CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Sherman
President .....Paul Dennison
Vice-President .....Harry Grant
Secretary .....Walter Connors
Librarians...Lorraine Harris, James Baker

For the benefit of the many boys and girls interested in books and library work, the Library Club is sponsored. Besides reading and reporting on a number of the various books offered for consummation; the symbols on the door and windows that have often aroused the curiosity of those who frequent the library have been explained. The point system of honor awards has been adopted to give a motive for extra work outside the club period. The club hopes in the future to give character sketches of book people, and to visit the Boston Public Library and the Riverside Press.

THE MINSTREL MERIT BADGE CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Beasley
President .....Edith Bright
Vice-President .....Doris Kenney

The pupils of this club aim to pass the requirements for the Girl Scout Merit Badge.

THE MOVING PICTURE OPERATORS' CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Flavin
President .....Paul Jensen
Vice-President .....Allan Powers
Secretary .....Arthur Winnett

This club is divided into four crews. The leader for each is as follows:

Program Crew.....Paul Jensen
Instruction Crew.....William Crossman
Advertising Crew.....John Hermistone
Repair Crew.....Stephen Putnam

The members have bought a new Ampro because so many more films are being used in class work. The first moving picture of the year, which will be held in the auditorium on the fourth of January, will help to pay for this new machine. The surplus will be added to the school fund.

REPORTERS' CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Gooch
President .....Francis Regan
Secretary .....Anna McNeice

When we see news about our school in the "Quincy Patriot Ledger," and the "Quincy Evening News," little do we realize the work that some of our pupils do in gathering and writing it.

SHORT STORY CLUB

Sponsor .....Mrs. Carroll
President .....John Kelley
Vice-President .....Robert Workman
Secretary .....Walter Dixon

Many interesting stories are told each week, by the different committees. As the club is a group of boys, we find stories of adventure, out-of-door life, and mystery of special interest.

STAMP CLUB

Sponsor .....Miss Warren
Chairman .....Merrill Abbot
Secretary .....David Pitman

The twenty members of this interesting club bring in their stamps to trade each week. The majority of members collect stamps in general, but a few are interested only in United States stamps. During future meetings, a part of the periods are to be devoted to the discussion of various things connected with philately.

ATHLETICS

~ NORTH'S FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM 1932 ~

NORTH WINS FIRST GAME

The North Quincy High School football team made an impressive debut in its first interscholastic grid game when they smothered a hard-fighting Oliver Ames High of North Easton 19-0 at North Easton.

Coach Donahue's charges, who are the first to represent North on the gridiron scored in each of the latter three periods, Captain Walter Bryan, fullback, and George Mitchell, center garnering the touchdowns. Bryan bounced off tackle on the first play of the second period and twisted, dodged, straightarmed and sidestepped his way for 60 yards and North's first touchdown. "Tee" Mitchell, lanky North center, blocked a kick on North Easton's 20 yard line in the third period and recovered the oval over the goal line for touchdown number two. The last score came in the final period when Captain Bryan intercepted a North Easton pass and waltzed 18 yards for the tally. "Mutt" Mathurin cracked the line for the odd point after Mitchell's score; both other tries at conversion failed.

Other standouts were "Bat" Nelson, who got off on a gallop of 45 yards and "Peanuts" Ryan who travelled 25 yards on one occasion.

NORTH QUINCY 6 — KINGSTON 0

With five minutes to play, "Cap" Bryan tossed a 30-yard aerial to George Murphy, North left end, who snared the ball in the end zone for the lone touchdown which beat Kingston in North's second contest.

North outplayed the Kingston boys throughout the engagement, but lacked the vital scoring punch that wins ball games until the final period. In the first period it looked for a time as if North would run away with the game when they garnered four first downs in a row after receiving the kickoff, but Kingston held and North's first scoring chance went glimmering.

Captain Bryan and Mitchell were the defensive stars while "Herby" Jones and "Mutt" Mathurin looked good on the offense.

NORTH UPSETS SCITUATE 13-0

Coach Donahue's big Blue and Gold team rolled to its third win of the season in as many starts when they outplayed, a heavier, more experienced Scituate eleven, 13-0 at Scituate.

Playing their best ball of the season, North's frontier ripped through Scituate's heavy line time and again to smear the ball carrier, while

The fall of 1932 North Quincy was combo of Junior high, grades 7-8-9 and Senior high with grades 10-11th - (no 12th at this time) A new history teacher Jack Donahue was the first Football coach, assisted by Joe Foy and the first team came from the 10th & 11th grades. Uniform colors were blue & gold and player equipment meager due to lack of funds.

However in 1933 new uniforms, Black & Red issued and Nickname "The Red Raiders"

1932 Players listed in order of uniform number, issued after competative tryouts to make team.

No				No			
1	IV	Joseph T. McWeeny	G	14	13	James W Fay ("Sonny") 10	E
2	17	Gardner B. Studley S	E	15	14	Walter F. Joly	FB
3	31	Fenton N. Power S	G	16	16	Philip Leadbetter	C
4	13	George Murphy S	E	17	=	Herbert Jones S	HB
5	=	Scotty Sinclair	G	18	33	Paul N. Reilly ("Nobby")	E
6	19	George A. Mitchell ("Te") S→	C	19	27	George V. Mathurin S ("Matt") 10	HB
7	34	William H. Feurtado S	G	20	20	Peter Zoia 10	HB
8	32	Joseph P. Rogers 10	G/T	21	28	Ralph H. Mettler S	HB/T
9	30	John L. Richardson	T/G	22	22	Arthur W. Nelson ("Bat") S→	QB
10	=	Thomas Darcy	T	23	25	Walter "Cap" Bryan S→	FB
11	11	Russell Urguhart S	T	24	24	Thomas W. Ryan ("Peanuts")	HB/QB
12	=	Samuel Christopher	T	25	15	William F. Butterworth 10	QB
13	NOTE: #SKIP - IN '32 - but '33 Jim Fay's #		—	26	=	William Coughlin	HB

N.Q.H.S. "MANET" - VOL 6 - NO 1 JANUARY 1933 - First 1932 team photo is on page 36

= NOT on '33 TEAM (Left the school)

Back Row L to R	James Collins Principal	George McAvoy	Larry McCarthy	Kenneth Patten	Bill Butterworth	George Porter	Herb Dame	Bob J. Smith	Andy Dooley	Joe Foy Ass. Coach	John Donahue Coach
Middle	Joe McWeeny	John Richardson	Gardner Studley	Arthur Nelson	Walter Bryen	Herbert Jones	George Mathurin	Thomas Ryan	Paul Reilly		
Front Row	Joe Rogers	Walter Joly	Christopher	William Feurtado	George Mitchell	Fenton Power	Russell Urguhart	George Murphy	Phil Leadbetter		

Players missing in photo: Pete Zoia, Jim Fay, Ralph Mettler, Bill ~~Butterworth~~ (ID in photo), Scot Sinclair, Tom Darcy and Bill Coughlin - ★other players - Clarence Roberts, Chas Murphy, Andy Kelly, Ralph McLoud, Ralph Rose, George Porter, Don Freestone and Bob Smith (I.D. in photo) - Bill Gardiner. (copy i.D. above)

Joe Rogers
4 Rice Rd.
Wollaston, MA 02170

★ not in photo

LIFT UP

the backfield played an equally splendid game. Incidentally, North was the first team to cross the Blue and White's goal line this year and only the second to defeat Scituate, Hanover turning the trick last year.

"Herby" Jones went over for both tallies, the first after Mathurin had caught a 30-yard Bryan toss and then stumbled on the 1-yard line, and the second when he fell on a blocked kick which Powers, left guard had got in on.

Bryan with his kicking and Mitchell backing up the line were the defensive standouts, sharing honors with Power and Studley. Jones and Nelson looked good in the backfield, while Jenkins was "mountainous" for Scituate.

NORTH MEETS FIRST LOSS

A light, but flashy East Bridgewater eleven broke North's string of victories when they walloped them 14-0 at Pfaffman's Oval before a fair crowd.

Showing a phantom halfback in Greggorie and a pass intereepting quarter in Boland, the Bridgewater boys made North look "tough."

It was just another case of too much experience and shiftiness against a green team, with North learning a lot about laterals. Greggorie was in on both touchdowns, scoring the first one on an 18-yard jaunt and tossing a lateral to his teammate Fournier for the second one. Fournier and Boland cracked the line for the extra points.

NORTH WINS AGAIN

A revamped North Quincy eleven smeared a vastly inferior Randolph team 21-0 at Pfaffman's Oval to ring up its fourth victory in five starts.

The Blue and Gold scored in the first period when Mettler, right tackle blocked a kick on Randolph's 19-yard streamer, and after two rushes Joly carried the leather over, "Cap" Bryan tearing through center for the point. In the second period Peanuts Ryan went over on a fake plunge from the 8-yard marker. Walter Joly cracked open the line for the second extra digit. Touchdown No. 3 came when Captain Bryan intercepted a Randolph pass and ran 21-yards, "Cap" also making the extra point.

"Bill" Coughlin, Walter Joly and "Bat" Nelson looked extra good in this contest, while the whole outfit played a well-balanced game.

NORTH BOWS TO HINGHAM 19-6

With Clark, Hingham left-half, leading the scoring parade with two touchdowns, Hingham High hung a 19-6 defeat on North in the Blue and Gold's sixth game.

Clark scored twice in the second quarter, once from the 6-yard line and once on an 18-yard run, while Means tallied in the third quarter and dropkicked the goal for the extra point. North went across in the final minutes of the last quarter when Bryan tossed a flat pass to Nelson who stepped 25-yards before being brought down on the 1-foot line. He went over on the next play, however, the try for point went awry.

Clark, of course, was the Hingham bright light, while "Peanuts" Ryan and Mettler stood out for the losers.

BLUE AND GOLD TAKES JAY VEES 12-0

A brilliant, determined North Quincy High grid machine led by Captain Walter Bryan, mowed down Coach Leland Anderson's Quincy High Junior Varsity 12-0 at Comin's Stadium in the Blue and Gold's last game.

North Quincy outplayed the Jay Vees all through the game and it was seldom indeed that Coach Anderson's boys had the ball in North territory after the first period. Captain Bryan and "Herby" Jones went over for the touchdowns, the burly fullback crashed over midway through the second quarter after he had tossed a 35-yard pass to "Bat" Nelson, which landed the oval on the 11-yard line. Two cracks at the line netted nothing and then Nelson pulled an end run, being stopped on the 1-yard line, but getting a first down. It took "Cap" two tries to go over, but he made it. Bryan's try for point went awry.

Jones scored halfway through the final period after Mitchell intereepted a pass on Quincy's 31-yard marker and a Nelson to Mathurin pass was good for 17-yards, placing the ball on the Jay Vees 14-yard line. Jones smashed his way to the 4-yard line and then went over standing up. Walter Joly was stopped inches from the goal-line trying to convert the extra point.

"Tee" Mitchell played a marvelous game defensively and with Bryan helping him back up the line, these two boys must have made half the tackles. Besides backing up the forward wall, Mitchell broke through to block two of Ordway's punts, intercepted a pass which sent the Northerners on their way to the second touchdown, and didn't make a bad pass to his backs all during the game.

Captain Bryan for three periods did all the kicking and passing for North and scored the first touchdown, while "Bat" Nelson ran his team coolly and skillfully, putting North in position for the first score.

For Quincy, Captain Cleary, Ordway, and "Eddie" McCarron were standouts, with Cleary playing an exceptionally fine game.

MITCHELL ELECTED '33 GRID LEADER

At the close of the season, members of the Football Team unanimously elected George "Tee" Mitchell, center, as captain of the 1933 outfit.

Mitchell was a great defenseman, backing up the line in admirable fashion and blocking three punts during the season, where most linemen are lucky if they block one. He should prove an inspirational leader, as he is very popular and offers a good example to other members of the team in respect to his grand fighting spirit, coöperation and scholarship.

"Mitch" doesn't limit his activities to football, playing basketball and baseball as well, having played center on the hoop team ever since his junior high days.

VARSITY WRESTLING

Last year North, under the excellent coaching of Mr. MacDonald, produced a fine wrestling team that went undefeated for the whole season with only two ties.

This year North will compete against varsity teams, although it has only two classes in the senior unit. Mr. MacDonald predicts that we will have a fine wrestling team and a good chance of winning our share of the matches. The squad will be called out and begin intensive practice immediately after the Christmas vacation.

A schedule of our matches is as follows:

January 9—Needham (Away).
January 16—Quincy High (Away).
January 23—Watertown (Home).
February 6—North Easton (Home).
February 13—Watertown (Away).
February 27—Quincy High (Home).
March 6—North Easton (Away).
March 13—Weymouth (Home).
March 20—Needham (Home).

This schedule is subject to change.

BASKETBALL TEAMS READY TO GO

Coach "Curly" Rogers has been whipping his hoop squad into shape for the last month now, in preparation for the stiff schedule which he intends to face. With many veterans of his last year's undefeated team back, and some clever sophomores coming up, Coach Rogers should be able to put a classy team on the floor.

Coach Rogers, who has nine games scheduled now, wishes to have fourteen before he is through. North is to play Quincy High two games, Milton High one game, Weymouth High two games, Hingham High twice, and Taunton two contests so far. The first game being with Taunton, January 4.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

When Mr. Alexander, coach, called the junior boys out for basketball, there was a fine response. Instruction was begun in the fine points of the game. After the instruction was well started, there began the weeding out of those unqualified to play. The squad now consists of the following sixteen boys with two managers.

Francis Donahue, Curtis Williams, Walter Dixon, Harold Chase, Leon White, Frank Howe, Robert Sawyer, Charles King, David Stevens, Herbert Swanson, Fred Cummings, William Chisom, Fred Happle, Peter Cooke, Charles Wipfler, William McMillian.

The managers are Robert Sigor and Clarence Buttes.

Last year practically all the junior basketball boys went into the senior unit, thus leaving only new material with which to form a new team.

This year, there will be six games—three games here and three games away. The games will be with South, Point, and Central. The first game is on January 11.

SOCCER

North's soccer team this year only had four games as she is just breaking into the schoolboy booting game.

She played two games with the Trade School ankle-tappers and two with the Quincy High seconds, tieing one and losing one to Trade, and winning one and losing one to the Quincy seconds. Alvin "Onions" DeYoung was the big star garnering all the goals North scored. Mr. Sylvia and Coach Fleming were in charge of the team and Thomas Ferris was captain.

INTRAMURAL WRESTLING

Immediately after Thanksgiving, Mr. MacDonald called out all those in the ninth, tenth and eleventh grades interested in wrestling. The boys in the eleventh grade practice on Monday; the tenth grade boys on Tuesday, and the ninth grade boys Thursday. All wrestling practice was held in the Cafeteria. Although

the attendance was at first poor, it slowly began to increase, so that just before the Christmas vacation, there was a large number of boys practicing every wrestling night. After the Christmas vacation some boys were chosen from the Intramurals to fill the vacancies in the Varsity squad.

There will be competition between the ninth, tenth and eleventh grades to see which grade will be victorious. Also there will be competition in every weight in order to secure the winner in each weight.

Intramural wrestling gives every boy a chance to learn how to wrestle; make the varsity squad and team; and build up his health and strength.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

This year each grade plays the sports which seem most suitable for it. Batball has been played in the form of a tournament by the junior unit. This game being new has aroused keen enthusiasm among the girls.

Basketball will be played as an intra-mural sport to decide the champion team. As last year, an honorary varsity team will be selected from the best players and will meet some team from Quincy Senior High. It has been decided that the seventh grade will not play basketball this term, but will in future years. Tennis and baseball will compose the major spring sports for all grades. New games are hoped for and will surely stimulate a lively interest among the girls.

The editors of this department think it a good idea for the women teachers to form a basketball team in the school this year. They might play either the girl's champion team or the honorary varsity. A game of this sort would create an intense feeling of competition among the players and it would draw the attention of the entire school.

ANNA CASHMAN.

NEW REGULATIONS AND RULES

Each year the official rules and regulations for girls' basketball are revised. This year eight of our last major rules have been changed, making the game more exciting.

(1) The radius of the center circle has been increased to three feet and the placement at the backboard corresponds to that on a boys' court.

(2) A new rule for the scorers and timekeepers: They must remain "official" throughout the game.

(3) Now the player consuming more than ten seconds while making a free throw is committing a violation instead of a foul.

(4) Guarding in any plane is permitted as long as there is no contact with either opponent's person or with a ball in possession of the opponent.

(5) Another new rule which will increase the scores: All field goals are now counted as 2-point value.

(6) The game may be opened with either center toss or center throw, both being official.

(7) Touching the free-throw line is no longer a violation.

(8) If either technical or personal foul is committed against a forward while in the act of shooting for a basket, and the basket is made, the goal shall count and one free-throw is allowed. If the basket is missed, two free-shots shall be allowed.

Although at North we have always played with only six players on a team, basketball may also be played with nine players, there being one center, two assisting side centers, three guards and three forwards.

The officials in a real game are: referee, umpire, two time keepers and two scorers. The home team should supply a referee, but first they should secure the agreement of the visiting team before the day of the game. The visitors shall choose the umpire, official scorer and a time keeper.

All these rules are remodeled to make the sport different and more interesting. The girls find it hard, at first, to adopt these rules, but once they are conquered they seldom regret the practice.

MARGARET DEERING.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

On November 22, considerable interest was displayed at a basketball game staged in our gym. The contestants were two picked teams from the tenth and eleventh grade girls. Harriet Leavitt and Rita Darling were elected temporary captains.

"Peg" Deering started the first quarter with a basket and Rita Darling came back with a basket for her side. Neither teams did much scoring and the quarter ended with the score tied, four to four.

In the next quarter "Kay" McLean started at jump center in place of "Nat" Archer. Both teams added to their score during this quarter. When the quarter ended, the score was 21 to 10 in favor of Harriet Leavitt's team.

AT WORK IN THE GYMNASIUM

Reading (from left to right)—Anna Cashman, f.; Harriet Leavitt, g.; Miss Perkins, r.e.f.; June Ritchie, g.; Elinor Reilly, f.; "Tiny" Stevens, s.c.; "Betty" Donna, s.c.; Rita Darling, f.; Gladys Olson, g.; "Nat" Archer, c.; "Kay" McLean, c.; "Peg" Deering, f.; Mary Ready, g.; May Ritchie, s.c.; "Dot" Watts, s.c.

The third quarter found "Nat" Archer back at center, June Ritchie at guard in place of Harriet Leavitt, May Ritchie at center and Martha Reynolds at side center. In this quarter Rita Darling's team was allowed two free shots, but both were missed. This quarter found the forwards on Rita Darling's team doing most of the work. The score at the end of the third quarter was much closer, being 23 to 22, still in favor of Harriet Leavitt's team.

In the last quarter Harriet Leavitt went back at guard in place of Mary Ready, Martha Reynolds at center, and May Ritchie at side center. This quarter was the most exciting of all. In this there were four free shots, but only two counted, one by "Peg" Deering and one by Eleanor Rielly. "Peg" Deering did most of the scoring in this quarter. The final score being 36-31 in favor of Harriet Leavitt's team.

Rita Darling was high scorer for the day with 14 baskets and "Peg" Deering second with 12 baskets.

Referee—Miss Perkins.
Score Keeper—Rosemary McCauley.
Timer—Mary Carroll.

MARY CARROLL.

VICTORY 30-14

At the senior girls' basketball game Tuesday, November 29th, Anna Cashman and Mary Ready were chosen captains. In order that both teams would be equally divided, the captains alternately chose their sides. There were fifteen girls playing and nine of them played on North's varsity team last year. Miss Perkins reminded the players of the major mistakes made in the previous games.

With "Nat" Archer as their jumping center, Cashman's team "swamped" Ready's team with a 30-14 victory. Ready's team showed quick action at the center-toss when McLean, center, secured the ball and threw it to her forward who opened the game with a 2-0 lead. This lead did not last for Donna, working opposite from Ritchie in center bounds, tossed the ball to Darling who made a "nifty" shot, making the score a tie. This quarter had all the "earmarks" of the roughest period, there being three personal fouls and a technical foul called during eight minutes of action.

In the second quarter Cashman and her lucky six doubled the score. Ready and Ritchie, a good combination of guards, did their best to hold the score down. Ready, by means of elevation, made a "dandy" jump and sent the ball flying down to the goal. The forward scored a basket.

Three monopoint shots were made by Cashman's team and one chest shot was scored by

Ready's team during this third quarter. This showed good playing and the score was 27-13.

Ready's team stuck to the unlucky number 13 until the last of the fourth quarter where a free throw changed it to 14. Meanwhile Cashman and Darling were piling up the score. At the final whistle the score showed a 16 point lead for Cashman's team.

Referee—Miss Perkins; Scorer—Rosemary McCauley; Timer—Mary Carroll.

MARGARET DEERING.

VICTORIOUS AGAIN

Another interesting game of basketball was played by the girls from the tenth and eleventh grades on December 13th. Again with Rita Darling as their honorary captain, the team came out on top and defeated May Ritchie's less fortunate fighters with a score of 31-11.

McMahan had a stiff assignment when she was placed as center opposite from quick footed Archer. At center toss Archer recovered the ball and aided by Donna, she passed the ball to her forwards. There was little opportunity to gain headway, for Ritchie and Leavitt, two guards, covered Darling and Deering. Leavitt sent the ball back to center bounds, but Donna had broken loose from Ritchie and intercepted the pass. Darling dropped a "pip," opening the score after a strenuous fight. After this shot, Cashman came in contact with the ball and tied the score. At the close of this period Darling's team held a six point lead.

Rielly, one of our best forwards was unable to attend the game, so Ritchie's team worked under a handicap, although Stevens took Rielly's place and during the second quarter she took two nifty shots.

The third period showed Watts playing with Cashman as forward. These two forwards showed plenty of fight, but with Reddy and Olson as guards, they didn't stand much chance.

After the rest period a fourth quarter began. During this period Darling's team piled up the score and at the blow of the whistle a score of 31-11 was announced.

This was the last of the series of games by these teams because now the season had officially opened and steady practice is in store for the girls.

The lineup was as follows:

Rita Darling, f.....f., Anna Cashman
"Peg" Deering, f.....f., "Tiny" Stevens
"Nat" Archer, c.....f., "Dot" Watts
"Betty" Donna, s. c.....c., Rita McMahan
Mary Ready, g.....s. c., May Ritchie
Gladys Olson, g.....s. c., Martha Reynolds
g., June Ritchie
g., Harriet Leavitt

MARGARET DEERING.

BATBALL

Batball, a new and most interesting game, has been introduced at North this year. This sport involves many characteristics of other games.

A team is made up of eleven players. The game can be played with more or less than the number required. After the teams have been elected, the first at bat commences the game with one of their number batting a small ball with her hand into the gym. The batter then runs around a goal, which is fifty feet away, and back. The players in the infield try to strike their opponent as he or she runs. Quite similar to basketball the fielders must not run with the ball. If the batter is not struck out by the opposing side, he or she has scored a run for their team. Strikes, runs and fouls are counted the same as in baseball.

This game provides an excellent sport for the junior girls because it can be played indoors during the winter season. Although the junior girls have taken part in this game, the senior unit has enjoyed watching them.

ANNA CASHMAN.

ROUND ROBIN TOURNAMENT

The girls in the junior unit have, for the past two months, been carrying on a Round Robin Tournament in batball. Much interest has been displayed by the girls. In the seventh grade 146 girls came out for batball, in the eighth grade 114 girls, and in the ninth grade, seventy girls. The teams were selected from the divisions, and student referees and score keepers took charge of the games under the auspices of Miss Perkins. The seventh grade has played fifteen games, the eighth grade fourteen, and the ninth grade nine. As this game requires accurate eye work in batting the ball, and skillful foot work in evading it, it

has proven extremely interesting to the girls. Each grade has now come to the finish of the tournament with the following teams the champions: 7-1 over 7-12 with 17-13 score, 8-9 over 8-4 with score 16-11, 9-4 over 9-7 with score 20-9. This tournament having been finished, the girls look forward to a successful basketball season.

ANNA CASHMAN.

AS THE BACKS GO TEARING BY

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fight on, North Quincy, push down the field,
Ever advancing, we never yield.
Fight! Fight! Fight! shout out a challenge, our battle-cry,
Onward to victory, old North High!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
As the Northern line goes marching by,
We all will rise and shout our battle-cry.
Smash through the lines, boys, push onward, gain upon gain,
Fight for our banner with might and main.
And as the Northern backs go marching through,
To add more points to our score,
We will proudly wave the Gold and Blue,
For the old North Quincy will win once more.

CHEERS

North Locomotive N-O-R-T-H
N-O-R-T-H
N-o-r-t-h
North, North, Team!

FIGHT CHEER

Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight (indefinitely)
North Team, Fight!

N. Q. CHEER

N. Q.—N. Q.—Rah! Rah!
N. Q.—N. Q.—Rah! Rah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
North Quincy, Rah! Rah!
Team—Team—Team!

INDIVIDUAL CHEER

North
Quin . . . cy
Rah! Rah!
(Individual Name)

NINE RAHS

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!
North—North—North
Q-u-i-n-c-y
Team—Team—Team

EXCHANGES

EXCHANGES

Since our last issue was published in June, the Exchange Editors have received these magazines:

The Vanguard—Atlanta, Georgia.

The Signal—Passaic, New Jersey.

The Artisan—Boston, Massachusetts.

The Menotomy Beacon—Arlington, Massachusetts.

The Curtin Junior Citizen—Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

The Stylus—Malden, Massachusetts.

The Southern Bell—Somerville, Massachusetts.

The Troup Trumpet—New Haven, Connecticut.

The most outstanding magazine received by us is the "Stylus" from Lincoln Junior High in Malden. It is the best developed magazine that we have seen. From it this bit of advice is taken:

Hush, you little corner lot,
Don't you cry!
You'll be a filling station
By-and-bye!

The Menotomy Beacon—West Junior High School, Arlington, Massachusetts. Your column heads are very original. Could you not have some pictures?

The Southern Bell—Southern Junior High School, Somerville, Massachusetts. Your joke editors are certainly on the alert.

"Well, Betty, how did you like your first ride in the lift?"

"It was lovely, mother, we got into a little room and the upstairs came down."

The Curtin Junior Citizen—Curtin Junior High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. The art work in your magazine is exceptionally good.

Cooking Teacher: "If I told you to make caviar canapes, what would you do?"

Pupil: "I'd run for a dictionary!"

The Artisan—Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Massachusetts. Your sports department is very good, but your magazine could be made much more interesting with a bigger literary department.

The Troup Trumpet—Augusta Lewis Troup Junior High School, New Haven Connecticut.

Your Trumpet is very complete for a school newspaper.

Pop: "Here comes the parade, and your aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"

Mom: "She's upstairs waving her hair."

Pop: "Merey! Can't we afford a flag?"

The Vanguard—Hake Smith Junior High School, Atlanta, Georgia.

Jones (in a restaurant with his wife): "Hey, waiter, where's my honey?"

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, but she doesn't work here any more."

The Signal—Woodrow Wilson School, Passaic, New Jersey.

TEN BEES

B—Cleaner and cleaner,
B—tidy we say,
B—truthful
B—honest
B—thoughtful—hurray!
B—better and better
B—jolly,
B—gay,
B—gladder and gladder,
B—healthy today.

ALUMNI

Throughout the country, you hear of different colleges and schools speaking of their alumni, keeping in close contact with their work, either in sports or in the business world. Therefore, our magazine, wishes also to bring to you the news of your friends, to keep always in your memory people who are past graduates of our school, and some day also to bring to other North pupils news of you. Not only does this bring us in close contact with our graduates, but it also reflects the good education which North furnishes for the development and advancement of pupils entering into the game of life.

1928

Earl Lantry, June, graduated with highest honors in February, 1932, and was track star at Quincy High School. He is now taking University Extension Courses, studying mechanical engineering.

Walter Cooke, June, graduated from Boston College High School in June, 1932.

1929

Marion McAuliffe, February, is now attending La Salle girls' college, where she is taking a course in Domestic Science.

Edward Litchfield, June, is now attending Suffolk Law School.

George Tarr, June, orchestra leader at Senior High School before graduation, received a scholarship of $100. by Eastern Music Camp, at Oakland, Maine. Composing, orchestral, and band work are his main studies.

Althea Sawyer, June, received the Wollaston Women's Club scholarship.

High Honor Students—Ruth Darr and Robert Putnam.

Honor Students—Virginia Berg, Kenneth Burnham, Caroline Darrigo, Lila Mignault, John Mulhall and Arthur Peel.

1930

Slyvia Krose, February, graduates from Senior High, January, 1933. She is secretary of her class and Editor-in-chief of the "Golden Rod."

Robert Cushing, June, has been working at Howes Brothers' Company.

Mother: "Johnnie, why don't you be a good boy?"

Johnnie: "For five cents I will."

Mother: "Why can't you be good for nothing like your father?"

Janice McGowan—Boston Globe.

The sewing teacher asked one of the girls: "How are you getting along?"

The girl replied: "I have my tail sewed on."

Frank Santosuosso, 7-9.

A father had taken his small son to a football game and that evening his mother was surprised to hear the following prayer:

"God bless me, God bless pa,
God bless me, Rah; Rah; Rah!"

Ralph Farrington—Transcript.

Henry: "What was that big explosion on Si's farm yesterday?"

Ebner: "Well, Si got some of that new 'lay or bust' hen feed and fed it to a rooster."

Robert Yelland, 8-3—American Boy.

Miss Dennison: "Now take, for example, my automobile."

Pupil: "Oh! you mean that five passenger car of yours."

Miss Dennison: "What do you mean, my five passenger car?"

Pupil: "Four push and one steers."

First Pupil: "Who's car was that you were in last night?"

Second Pupil: "That was no car; that was Mr. Sylvia's."

"And then," finished the teacher, "the hero tore down the street in his automobile. Now pupils, I want you to tell me what kind of a car he was in."

"Well, Johnny, what do you think?"

"It was a tearing car."

Paul Amon, 8-2.

Who remembers when the bootblacks used to put a clamp on ladies' skirts?

Little Willie: "Mon, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?"

Mon: "Yes, darling."

Willie: "Well, you'd better keep your eye on 'em. He's got grandpapa's teeth now."

Louise Newcomb, 9-7—"Taleb Grotto."

"Keep your wife," says John Harmon the famous domestic expert. "When she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her."

Louise Newcomb, 9-7—"Taleb Grotto."

INTRA-MURAL WREST LINE
IS QUITE THE THING

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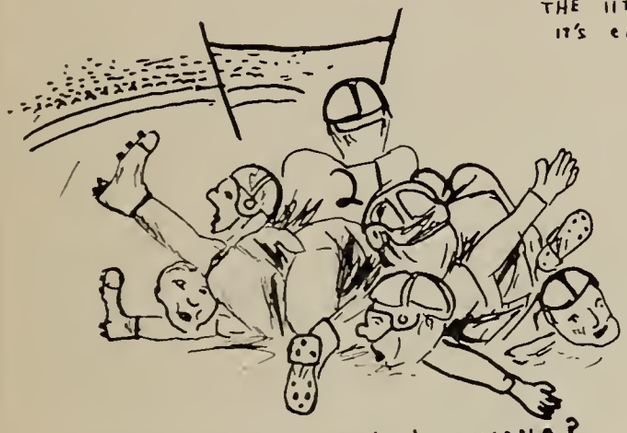
THE 11TH GRADE ELECTS
IT'S CLASS OFFICERS



WHO'S BEEN EAT'IN' ONIONS?

FAMILIAR FIGURE AT THE
FOOT BALL GAMES

SOME PEOPLE JUST WON'T
PARK THEIR CARS WHERE
THEY BELONG

USED CARS
AT NOW

THOSE WHO TAKE CHEMISTRY
MUST HAVE THEIR FUN

THE GOOD PART
OF CHEMISTRY

Cook: "I'm leaving in exactly three minutes."

Mrs. Jones: "Then put the eggs on to boil, and we'll have them right for once."

—Boston Sunday Post.

One dark night a Mississippi steamer had to stop at the mouth of the river on account of the dense fog.

On inquiring as to the cause of the delay, an old lady who was in a great hurry said to the captain, "Well, I can see the stars plain enough."

"I know lady," answered the captain. "but unless the boilers burst we aren't going that way."

Robert Yelland, 8-3—Boys' Life.

What did the cat get when he crossed the desert? (Sandy Claws).

Why is the number 9 like a peacock? (Because it is nothing without a tail.)

When is a door not a door? (When it's ajar.)

Why is a flapper like a hinge? (Because it's something to adore).

Seldon Becker.

Judge: "The prisoner seems to be drugged."

Officer: "Yes, sir, I drug him five blocks."

—Menotomy Beacon.

Science Teacher: "What does this formula mean?"

Pupil: "Oh! I had it right on the end of my tongue."

Teacher: "You better spit it out, it's arsenic."

Miss Savage: "Why does France produce more silk than England?"

Vincent C.: "Because France has the worms."

Pupil: "What does C. O. D. mean?"

Mr. Jack: "Call On Dad."

"Flag of truce, Excellency."

"Well, what do the revolutionists want?"

"They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."

John Thornton, 7-2.

A minister had just reformed a Jew to Christianity. One day the minister baptized Ike. As he poured the water on Ike he said, "Ike, your name is now Mike."

One Friday soon afterward Mike invited the minister to dinner. The minister was surprised to see a large roast duck on the table.

"Mike," said he, "today is Friday, we can't eat duck today."

"That's right, Parson, but I'll soon fix that," said Mike.

He left the room and soon reappeared with a glass of water in his hand. He sprinkled the water all over the duck and said, "Duck, your name is now, Haddock."

Clara Ward, 7-1.

CHINESE ENTERPRISES

On a side street in downtown Boston is a hotel bearing this sign: "Open all night."

Next to it, a restaurant owner announced in big letters over the door, "We never close."

This suggested a thought to the Chinaman who runs a laundry in the third building. On his window he scrawled, "Me wakee too!"

Madeline Ward, 11-5.

Gym teacher to class: "What is the most popular morning exercise?"

Pupil (waving hand frantically): "Running up the curtains."

Marie Cooper, 9-7.

Did you know that a shining example of good old-fashioned simplicity is an un-powdered nose?

Kathleen Buddenhagen, 11-8.

She: "But I thought the object of the game was to make goals."

He: "Yes, but he was running toward the wrong goal. He is on the other side."

She: "Well, I can't see why they have to knock him down to tell him about it. Everyone makes mistakes."

Mary Ready, 11-5.

Miss Mahoney: "James, will you please ask your question on France?"

James: "What else is grown in Southern France besides wine?"

Ruth Hayden, 8-2.

One day two hunters met in the woods and each began to tell of their experiences.

"Well!" said the first, "what do you suppose I saw?"

"I couldn't guess what you saw."

"Well, I've seen a mountain lion."

"Why, don't be silly," said the second. "what would a mountain lion be doing in the woods."

"Oh! he was on his vacation."

Joe Rogers, 10-9.

Mr. John: "I had my breakfast in bed this morning."

Mr. Jack: "Isn't that nice. What did you have?"

Mr. John: "A roll, a turn-over and a drink out of the spring."

Marie Cooper, 9-7.

Skipper: "Sammy, do you know what a three season bed is?"

Sammy: "No, I don't."

Skipper: "No spring."

Marie Cooper, 9-7.

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